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NOTICE.

No. 6 of THE JOURNAL OF THE EXHIBITION of 1851, by the Editor of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, will be published on Saturday next, the 22nd instant. Part I., price 1s. 6d., sewn in a neat wrapper, or Nos. 1 to 5, may still be had.

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THE CRITIC:
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

TO OUR READERS.

ENCOURAGED by the rapid progress which THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL has recently made in its circulation, and which is steadily proceeding; it will be seen that many improvements are already introduced, and others are in preparation. And as its means advance so will its quality. We shall not be content until we have made it in all respects the best

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This Journal is entirely independent in its position, and it will continue to be so. Its readers may rely upon its perfect honesty, at least: to that we may pledge ourselves. Of its ability, they will be the best judges.

FAITH, KNOWLEDGE, AND WISDOM.

THERE are three stages in the life of Humanity: Faith, Knowledge, and Wisdom. Blessed is Faith and blessed is Wisdom; but Knowledge by itself we cannot call blessed; for it only opens our eyes to discover that we are naked, and to make us hide ourselves from the presence of the Divine. The remedy, however, for the pains, the perils, the perplexities which Knowledge brings, is not to fall back on a childish and superstitious faith, but to press on to the highest and holiest wisdom. Would that we could teach that lesson to the distracted society in the midst of which we dwell! For we live in that season of the world's development which lieth midway between a faith which is passing away and a wisdom which is not yet come. This is the secret of all the sins and sorrows of our modern existence. This is what makes the Past so mournful and the Future so dark. To stand trembling and despairing between the wreck of Man's noblest creation,—Faith and the unborn beauty and beatitude of God's best gift, Wisdom—is the tragic lot of Humanity at present. Ours is the reign of Knowledge; and the light of Knowledge pierces to the very centre of our brain, and tortures us like a curse. Similar to the king in fable who entreated and obtained from a divinity the power to turn everything which he touched into gold, and who started with horror when he beheld what he was about to eat or drink taking the yellow tinge of the terrible metal, so we, in these days, have desired that every chamber of our mind should be flooded with light; and thus light hath taken the place of what should be warmth, and food, and raiment to our spirit. It is an easy thing to decry knowledge; that is not our present purpose. The priests of despotism are the apologists of darkness, and we have no wish to join them either in their championship of tyranny or in their support of ignorance. But we would fain teach our countrymen that Knowledge, till it rise into Wisdom, is a disease and a calamity. The link between Knowledge and Wisdom is Love. A wise man is one in whom Knowledge has melted and merged into Sympathy. Look at France, that land of hungry, hellish, insatiate antagonisms and ferocious anarchies. What is the source of all its crimes, agonies, disasters, and abominations? Is it not that all faith has died out of its heart, except the wretched faith, half babyism and half bestiality, in winking Madonnas and bleeding pictures; that it has exalted Knowledge to be its God, and that it has not yet begun the process which, through Love, would transmute Knowledge into Wisdom? In England, thank Heaven! we are not yet in such a despairing condition. The Faith which still remains to us is more a

reality and less a superstition than in France; and Knowledge manifests more of a tendency to rise into Wisdom than in that Godless land. Yet, nevertheless, we also suffer from what is, at this hour, a universal malady in the deepest being of our race. It may flatter our vanity to boast of the March of Intellect and the Progress of Enlightenment. But in these sounding phrases what satisfaction is there to the profound yearning for commune with the eternal verities of the Universe? There is no sophistry so dangerous, no delusion so deadly, as the belief that it is well with Man because he sees more clearly than his forefathers. The question is, whether his entire faculties are as richly ministered unto as divinely fed. Great has been the ridicule when some silly persons lauded to the skies the wisdom of our ancestors. But might it not be worth while to inquire, whether our ancestors had not the heat of a holier life comforting, and the juices of a holier life nurturing, them. Where can be bliss and beauty for Man except in his bowing down his spirit and in veiling his brow before the majesty of the Infinite? Knowledge, however, by itself is self-idolatry. Unless chastened by higher influences, no one can add to his knowledge without adding to his pride. Those, then, are not in the wrong who demand that all knowledge should be baptized at the fountain of Religion; but where they are eminently in the wrong is, in supposing that Religion can be allied to Knowledge in the way which they so strenuously recommend. To make Religion the harmoniser and the sanctifier of Knowledge, you must render Religion a perpetual presence, not an occasional stimulant. Herein the Ancients were prodigiously superior to the Moderns. Taught by their own noblest instincts, they clothed their whole private and public existence with a religious garment. Their temples, their statues, their festivals, their ceremonies, their sacrifices, their games, were one immense and unceasing religious ministration. From the cataracts to the mouths of the Nile, what was Egypt, but a magnificent and mystic bible of religious emblems, emanations, and movements? To expect that Religion can be allied to Knowledge, or that Knowledge can be consecrated by Religion, through the agency of catechisms and dogmas, is absurd in the extreme. The experiment has been tried over and over again, yet over and over again it has failed. There is a loud cry in the present day for the education of the people, and there is a fierce dispute as to what that education should be. Let it be wholly secular, say the men of cotton: let it be also religious, say the men of lawn. The dispute is not likely to come to any termination till the disputing parties arrive at a much higher idea of Religion than they have. To the one party, Religion means dogmatic tyranny, and to the other it means sacerdotal superintendence; and the first in resisting and the second in insisting are both alike justifiable, till they attain more exalted views of the most exalted of all things. It is this subject of Education, which is spoken of as the most important of all, but is not practically treated as such, that will show more than ought else the grand essential distinctions between Faith, Knowledge, and Wisdom. Those who maintain that secular instruction and that alone should be communicated to the people, are the representatives of Knowledge; those who urge that the secular instruction should be blended with and hallowed by theological teaching are the representatives of Faith; those who insist that no capricious line should be drawn between the secular and the sacred, but that they should both be one, as the Individual is one, are the representatives of Wisdom. The champions of Faith are sure to be defeated by the champions of Knowledge, because the latter have their root in the present, and the former draw all their strength from the past. But the champions of Knowledge must, in their turn, yield to the Children of Wisdom, whose vocation is all in the Future, but who are few and scattered



and not yet conscious of their force. We are often amused when we hear it stated that such and such obstacles only remain to be vanquished, and then we shall have an Education of the People. Overcome those obstacles and you will be precisely where you were. There is no Education of the People possible that does not melodiously flow from the Education of Humanity. In great and valiant ages there was often a vast deal of what we should now call ignorance. But what mattered the ignorance as long as each individual felt himself mingled mightily into a grand and symmetrical unity? Plenitude and accuracy of ideas are trifles compared to the fervour and intensity of spirit which carry a nation on and away as with the rushing of a flood. The condition of Prussia is a pregnant proof how little education in the ordinary sense of that word, can give of chivalry of character and of magnanimity to a people. Prussia is often spoken of as a sort of model land in reference to education. But recent events have shown us that the Prussians are not made generous and heroic by their superior intelligence, and that, perhaps, they are more selfish than the other nations of Germany, more selfish even than those of the Germans who are most enslaved by Romish superstitions. It is the social and spiritual vitality of a land which determines the nobleness, the valour, and the vigour of its political attitude. It is the full soul through which streams one single, absorbing, inspiring impulse, that makes the career, either of an individual or of a nation, godlike. But when either an individual or a nation, or Humanity in the aggregate, falls away from faith, it is the cold clear atmosphere of Knowledge that must be traversed, and traversed with patient despondency, before Love and Religion can serve as the pioneers to divinest Wisdom. The main thing for the earnest missionary of that wisdom, to impress and to illustrate in season and out of season, is the wholeness and unity of education. As far as his advocacy can influence governments, it should compel them to recognise, in all their doings, this mighty fact. As long as they can trim between the two camps of Faith and Knowledge, so long will they do nothing effectual or comprehensive for the education of the people. Our own Ideal of a government, if it could be realized, would create something which would be equivalent to a theocracy. It would be to form under the reign of Wisdom some such condition of things as existed of old in Egypt under the reign of Faith. But before governments can be influenced, society itself must be convinced. And in order to this we know nothing better than the setting forth of a true catholicity in all its religious relations. Though Love must be the most potent agency for leading men from arid and frigid Knowledge to celestial Wisdom, yet, before Love comes, Religion must intervene. Religion, however, must approach them as something catholic, or they will not accept it. Knowledge has enlarged their minds and they will not be content to accept Religion, unless the sentiment which it offers to their heart be larger than the Idea which Knowledge has placed in their brain. This can never be the case with any theological dogma whatever. And, therefore, our usual theological systems, or at all events, the usual mode of stating and enforcing them, must altogether fail as a means of deliverance from the dreary and desolate regions of mere knowledge, and fail consequently of introducing the yearning spirit to a warmer and a wider home. Perhaps the re-publication and the extensive diffusion of the works of WILLIAM LAW, the most thoroughly catholic, because the most deeply spiritual, of English writers on religion, would immensely aid the process by which England is to be emancipated from the thralldom of mere intellectuality, and to add to Religion Love, and to Love Wisdom. Pursuing, with some differences of form, the same path as WILLIAM LAW, an author has lately appeared who has more in him of all the qualities needed in

these days for a spiritual reformer than any other living man with whom we are acquainted. Our readers may have seen advertised a series of pamphlets under the general name *Catholicity, Spiritual and Intellectual*. They are the bravest and most beautiful utterances to which we have, for a long time, listened. They will make plain much at which we have only hastily hinted in this sketch. The first is on *The Planetary System*; the second on *The Inner Kingdom*; the third on *Salvation*; and the fourth on *Scholastic Theology*. Many things of a literary kind are below criticism; these pamphlets are above criticism. Though their literary merits are very considerable, yet it is not they that arrest and fix our attention. It is the strange spectacle, in a country like England, of a devout breast breathing forth all its fullness and ardour, without one trace or tincture of dogmatism. We hail these brief, simple, cordial, unpretending compositions which might have been read with profit by THOMAS A'KEMPIS himself, we hail them as the preludes of the most momentous revolution that this famous realm has ever witnessed. We welcome with brotherly and prophetic rejoicing the writer, THOMAS WILSON, to a career in which, though he is the first, he will be certain not to be the last. Mr. WILSON is a clergyman of the Established Church, has seen many scenes and travelled in many lands, and his work, *Nozani in Egypt and Syria*, is one of the best which we have on the East. His powers of extemporaneous eloquence are in high repute, and a metropolitan audience will soon have an opportunity of judging of him in that capacity. His private worth is known to so many that it can scarcely be called private; a man more esteemed and beloved, or more deserving to be so, it is impossible to meet. One of his most intimate friends is THOMAS CARLYLE; and he possesses precisely the quality which CARLYLE himself, the most modest of men, most esteems,—modest manliness. We have said so much of Mr. WILSON because we expect so much from him. If our readers will turn to his pamphlets, they will find matter which will delight no less than surprise them. We do not mean that they will discover there any daring paradoxes or ostentatious novelties, but something infinitely better. It is of the more importance that every indication of true religious catholicity should be watched and followed, because many of the earnest men among the working classes have fallen into the delusion that political enfranchisement, or some form of bountiful bliss which they irradiate or soften their present misery by dreaming of. Now we are convinced that the political elevation and the social improvement of the mass of the people are, by themselves, nothing more than phases of that stage of Humanity's development which we have named Knowledge. Their flatterers may babble to them about the "New Reformation," and decorate it with enchanting visions and splendid pictures; but the "New Reformation" will prove only a new curse unless it have its soul and substance in that Religion which, leading to Love, leads to Wisdom. We do not seek to discourage their acquisition of political privileges, or their attempts at whatever more perfect Organization of Labour may seem most in harmony with Justice and Mercy. But let Religion, Love, and the coming reign of Wisdom be for ever in their sight when working manfully and direct those to other and higher thoughts who place all their trust in a resuscitation of exhausted faiths. All that Faith could do Faith has done; all that Knowledge can do Knowledge is doing; but, because it is not doing more, is that a reason for trying to raise the dead bury their dead; but let all earnest and devout souls prepare the way for divinest Wisdom by divinest Religion and Love.

KENNETH MORENCY.

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA.

Reign of George the First. 1714—1727.

(Continued from page 53.)

OCCASIONAL notices also occur of the different remarkable men of this period.

"June 10.—Yesterday Sir Christopher Wren removed from his lodgings at Whitehall, wherein he had lived about 50 years, as Surveyor general of the works. And whatever might induce the publishing in the *Flying Post* his having a pension, or some others to report his false. And the old gentleman, so remarkably famous for his great learning, and universal knowledge, and who hath performed so many and great works in architecture, for the Crown and in the City of London, from the Restoration of King Charles II. to this Time, is now gone to a retirement, with contentment and gray hairs."

"1718, Jan. 29.—Yesterday morning the Countess of Warwick, wife to the Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq., was brought to bed of a daughter."

The following is the original account which was contained in the *Post Boy* newspaper of 1719, of the death of the very distinguished personage referred to in the last paragraph.

"London, June 20.—Last Wednesday morning died, at Holland House near Kensington, of an Asthma and Dropsy, Joseph Addison, Esq., who was a Representative of the Borough of Malmesbury in Wiltshire, formerly Secretary of State, and sometime since married to the Countess of Warwick. He was a son of the truly Reverend and Loyal Dr. Addison, Dean of Litchfield; and as his knowledge of Ancient and Modern Literature well entitled him to the Censorship of Great Britain; so did his success in all kinds of Poesy gain him the Immortal name of the English Maro."

A letter addressed by Lord CHEYNE to Lord HARLEY, at Wimpole, in August, 1716, says:

"Tell Lady Henrietta that Lady Warwick's marriage with Mr. Addison is upon terms, he giving 4,000*l.* in lieu of some estate she loses for his sake."

In the above journal of a later date is the following:

"London, Jan. 20.—On Wednesday last, died the Lady Frances Russell, daughter to Oliver Cromwell, aged upwards of 80 years. She first married the Hon. Mr. Rich, grandson and heir apparent to the Earl of Warwick and Holland, and afterwards Sir John Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, in Cambridgeshire."

At this period the ravages of the small-pox appear to have been very extensive, and those of the highest rank did not escape from being victims of this disease. Mr. Secretary CRAGGS died of it. One journal of the year 1718 mentions:

"The Lord Brackley died last Friday of the small-pox. Three of the Duke of St. Alban's sons have the small-pox."

Another newspaper states, at a later period:

"On Tuesday last, the Princess Anne, eldest daughter of their Royal Highnesses, was taken sick of the small-pox, but is in a fair way of recovery."

A year or two after this, we are informed:

"On Tuesday night, the small-pox was inoculated upon the two youngest Princesses, Amelia and Carolina at St. James's."

The youngest son of the Earl of SUNDERLAND died "by having the small pox inoculated upon him," and a great many of the children of the nobility are stated to have fallen by this disease. In the newspapers are numerous advertisements by persons who were skilful in performing the operation of inoculation, the efficacy of which was tried upon prisoners under sentence of death.

In the advertisements in the public journals containing descriptions of the persons of runaway negro slaves, servants, and apprentices, and of those charged with robberies, one very common mark of the absconding individuals is that of being pitted with the small-pox.

Alarms of a visitation of a more serious nature even than this were not unfrequent,

* Brit. Mus. MSS., Bibl. Birch.

and every now and then there were violent apprehensions of the plague again breaking out in this country by being introduced from abroad. In the year 1719, fears were entertained that it had reached Paris.

"Paris, May 20th, N. S.—There dies in this city a multitude of people; and fifty persons of distinction are dead in one day's space in the Parish of St. Sulpice.

Notices of the progress of different public undertakings which were being carried on or projected are also contained in these journals of the nation. The following relates to the Westminster Bridge, which was at that period only in embryo. It is from *The Post Boy* of the year 1722.

"January 25.—The President and Governors of the Hospitals of St. Bartholomew and St. Thomas have petitioned against the building of a bridge between Westminster and Lambeth."

So strong was the spirit of monopoly at this time that the city of London also petitioned against the bill for establishing this bridge, and were heard by counsel against it. A subsequent journal contains a reference to "old London Bridge."

"On Saturday last, May 19th, 1722, about ten at night, the passage over London Bridge was shut up in order to take up the old draw-bridge, (which was laid down in the Whitsun holidays fifty-one years ago, and appeared to be now decayed), and to lay down a new one in the room thereof, which will be a great deal stronger than the other, both as to the wooden and iron-work, and the same was finished on Thursday."

The poor prisoners who were at this time confined for debt in the different gaols of the metropolis were subjected to great hardships and privations, and not unfrequently donations were made them or legacies left by charitably-disposed persons. An advertisement in one of the journals of the year 1720, which purports to be from "the poor prisoners on the common side of His Majesty's Bench prison," announces their appointment of Mr. ROBERT NEWTON as their steward, to act for them and receive all legacies and donations, and states that several large legacies of consequence were clandestinely withheld by former stewards. Mr. NEWTON's person is thus portrayed by his employers.

"Note, Mr. Robert Newton, our steward, is a slender tall black gentleman, and aged about seventy years."

The following notices of criminal proceedings against two persons of consequence, are from the journals of the year 1722.

"London, Feb. 15th.—His Majesty has been pleased to give orders to his Attorney-General to prosecute Arundel Coke Esq., Barrister-at-law, the next assizes to be held at Bury, at His Majesty's expense."

"London, Feb. 20th.—Last Thursday Edward Miu-shule, Esq., member of Parliament, was tried at the King's Bench at Westminster upon an indictment for defrauding Mr. Keate, a goldsmith, of bank bills to the value of 350*l.* and was found guilty of the indictment."

"Bury, March 31st.—This morning, between six and seven, Mr. Coke was carried in a mourning coach to the place of execution; where (tho' so early), he was attended by about 3000 spectators. The minister pray'd with him for some time, and then asking him if he knew any thing of the poisoning of Mr. Crispe's child, he neither owned nor denied it, but said he could not remember it. He made no speech, only desir'd the people to pray for him. No man ever went out of the world with less pity. His body was carry'd in a hearse, and bury'd four miles off. At Woodbourne's execution, about one o'clock, there were at least 10,000 spectators. He confess'd that he had given Mr. Crispe's child two sugar-plums by Coke's order; and that it died soon after. Coke died very sullen, but Woodburne penitent."

CHAPTER II.

Reign of George the First (continued.) 1714—1727.
THE experience which the people of England obtained of their new Sovereign during the eight first years of his reign, was not calculated either to rivet their affections to him, or to raise him much in their esteem. His habits and manners were altogether foreign to those of the inhabitants of this country, nor were the pursuits of the court much in accordance

with the national taste. The different members of the royal family were not on the most amicable terms one with another. From some suspicion against her of infidelity, which is believed to have been unfounded, the unfortunate consort of GEORGE the First had been immured in a dungeon soon after her marriage, and was never permitted to land on these shores. Between the King and the Prince of WALES a pretty constant feeling of hostility appears to have subsisted, to which the warm temper of the latter probably in no slight degree conducted, of which we have had an instance in the previous chapter. Occasional efforts for effecting a reconciliation were, however, made with varied success. *The Post Boy* of 1720 contains the following report of a successful negotiation for the cessation of hostilities between the warring powers in the royal family.

"London, April 26.—A conference for an accommodation of the misunderstanding between the King and the Prince hath been attended with so good success that on Saturday between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, the Lord Lumley waited on His Majesty to know his pleasure when His Royal Highness should attend him: And being answer'd immediately, Mr. Secretary Craggs accompanied the Lord Lumley to Leicester Fields to acquaint the Prince with it, who thereupon went to S. James's, and on his return was attended by a party of the guards. On Sunday, His Majesty and the Prince were at S. James's chapel together; and the Duke of Devonshire carry'd the sword of state."

In a letter written by the famous Dr. HUGH, at that time Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, and whose vigorous resistance to JAMES the Second, when that arbitrary and unconstitutional monarch attempted to deprive him of his Presidency of Magdalen College Oxford, the reader will remember, and which was addressed to Lady RUSSEL, dated the 27th of July, 1717,* but which does not mention the place where it is written, the Bishop says:

"I leave a place which is now pretty empty, since the Royal Family went to Hampton Court, where the public manner in which the King lives makes it the Rendezvous, not only of the Ministers and great men, but of the People of all Ranks and Conditions. He dines openly and with company every day, and the novelty of the sight draws a mighty concourse. After so long a Reverse, we may easily imagine how great a constraint he puts upon himself; but he certainly does a right thing, for by this means his face (which expresses nothing but what is great and good) will not only be familiar to his people, but he will enter into a degree of intimacy with the nobility, above what could be arrived at in the cabinet or drawing room. Would to God it might have the happy occasion of bringing him or the prince to a better understanding, for upon that depends the establishment of our peace, and we have already felt how much the want of it has shaken us, but there does not seem to be any appearance that way. This still continues to be the dark side of our prospect, and were it not that God has already carried so many threatening clouds over our heads, one would dread to think how heavy this may fall."

1722. The disunion in the royal family, and some of the other circumstances alluded to, tended much to foster the feeling of disaffection in the nation, which, on the accession of GEORGE the First, was general throughout the kingdom, and which had openly manifested itself, and broken out into rebellion. Reports of the continuance of this state of public feeling in this country, were afterwards circulated abroad, and were eagerly listened to by the enemies of the reigning Monarch; and the rival claimant to the throne and his supporters deemed this a fitting opportunity for making another effort for the recovery of the dominions that had been wrested from him. Accordingly, early in the year 1722, during the progress of a general election, the court was thrown into great consternation by the intelligence that a conspiracy for seizing and dethroning the reigning Monarch, and for bringing in his banished rival, was ripe for execution, and that several leading personages in the state were actively engaged in the support of this design. The various accounts

contained in the public journals of the detection and suppression of this famous plot, which are here presented to the reader, afford an interesting insight into the condition of newspaper journalism at this period, as also into the mode in which intelligence was conveyed; and a lively notion is also communicated by these narratives of the manners of the times, the habits of the people, and the state of feeling which then animated the nation. The first report of any treasonable proceedings at this period is contained in the following notice in one of the journals of the 10th of April, 1722. But whether the treason here alluded to had any reference to the transactions of the conspirators may be somewhat doubtful, as it was not until a month afterwards that any public proceedings were adopted by the government for its suppression.

"A reward of 500*l.* is offer'd for the apprehending and securing of Mr. Weston, formerly clerk of Grays Inn Chappel, who is charg'd upon oath with publishing a treasonable libel."

The Weekly Journal of the 12th of May announced that the Lord Mayor had received a letter from Lord TOWNSHEND, one of His Majesty's principal secretaries of state, informing him that His Majesty had obtained intelligence of a conspiracy in concert with traitors abroad to raise a rebellion in this country in favour of the Pretender. The day after, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen went to Saint James's with an address, promising to exert themselves to preserve the peace of the City; to which His Majesty returned a most gracious answer, and conferred the honour of Knighthood on Mr. BEECHER, one of the Sheriffs and Aldermen of Bishops-gate Ward. The same newspaper informs us that "on Wednesday last the three troops of Horse Guards march'd to Hyde Park, and incamp'd upon the ground mark'd out for them."

Three days after this we are told:

"On Sunday morning, a camp with seventy of the Foot-guards march'd from the Camp at Hyde Park to reinforce the detachment commanded by Col. Carpenter at the Tower, and to remain with him till further orders."

Another journal mentions,

"We have had a great many false rumours this week concerning the seizure of several noble lords; among the rest that the Duke of Argyle was laid hold on by the enemies of the Government in Scotland."

"It was also reported on Monday last that the Lord Cadogan had been disgrac'd and dismiss'd from his employments, tho' he took the oaths the same day at Westminster as Ambassador and Plenipotentiary to the States General."

A more agreeable subject is adverted to by the same journalist in another column, which was probably intended as an improvable hint on the occasion then present.

"The expence and Gallantry of the officers at the last incampment in Hyde Park, in entertaining the many beaux and belles that were continually sallying out of this great City to visit them was very great, and will not be forgotten in haste by many of those generous gentlemen."

"Tho' some people talk foolishly of invasions from abroad, and we know not what besides; yet we cannot perceive the least danger."

We are told by another organ of intelligence that "a camp is form'd on the South side of Hounslow heath. On Monday part of the Duke of Bolton's Regiment encamp'd there, and the rest the next day."

A few days later fresh intelligence on the now all-engrossing topic is communicated.

"Orders are sent to the custom officers at the seaports of this kingdom to be very watchful of all persons going beyond sea, or coming from thence."

"The Lieutenantcy of this City are, by order from above, making search after the horses and arms of Papists and other suspicious persons. And the Justices of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster have receiv'd orders to suppress all riotous assemblies, and the vending of scandalous and seditious ballads."

"Last Tuesday a train of Artillery, consisting of 21 field pieces, was drawn from the Tower to the Camp in Hyde Park."

* Brit. Mus. MSS. Bibl. Birch.

PHILOSOPHY.

Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development. By HENRY GEORGE ATKINSON, F.G.S., and HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: Chapman. 1851.

AN honest truth-seeker is the rarest character humanity produces. Almost all, even of those who think for themselves and do not take their opinions upon trust, direct their thoughts to the purpose of proving some preferred doctrines or facts to be true, instead of inquiring impartially what is true? Hence, the almost imperceptible progress of philosophy; hence it is that, after thousands of years, mankind know very little more of the constitution of man than at the beginning, and we are most ignorant of that which is to us the most important and the most interesting of all knowledge—the laws that regulate the nature and development of the human being.

When a thinker *does* apply himself honestly to this task, and, throwing aside all previous prejudices, and looking for the truth and nothing but the truth, strives earnestly to read the laws by which the Creator doubtless governs the human being, as it rules the rest of nature, animate and inanimate, his researches are entitled to a patient and respectful hearing. Even if they be found to differ from former conclusions, and appear to be opposed to other truths already established, they are yet to be read and pondered upon, and if fallacies be found lurking in them, they should be fairly exposed and answered. Such a work may not be treated with contempt, or visited with abuse, for, if it err, it nevertheless serves, by the very discussion it provokes, to promote the advancement of truth. Our own faith must have very insecure foundations if it cannot bear to be brought into conflict with opposite views, and indeed, to shrink from conflict with opponents, and to prefer rather to prevent them from being heard than to hear and answer them, is evidence that we are not confident in ourselves: that we have not in us a genuine faith, the result of inquiry and conviction, but only a blind and inconsiderate assent, which cannot be acceptable to God and is not creditable to us among our fellow men.

Thus much in preface to the remarkable book that lies before us—a book that will startle as much by its boldness of speaking as by its novelty of argument—a book from the reasonings and conclusions of which we are bound to express our entire dissent, but to which it is impossible to deny the rare merit of strictest honesty of purpose, as an investigation into a subject of the highest importance, upon which the wisest of us is almost entirely ignorant, begun with a sincere desire to penetrate the mystery and ascertain the truth, and pursued with a brave resolve to shrink from no results to which that inquiry might lead, and to state them, whatever reception they might have from the world.

To all *honest and truthful* investigations THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL gives a fair hearing. We have no fear of *fair* discussion on *any* topic. Opinions have no terror for us, provided they be outspoken, so that they may be met and combated. The real danger lies in the cowardly practice of ignoring them, forgetting that, though we may thrust our fingers into our ears and shut out the sound of them, there are others in the world who will greedily receive them, and all the more readily because they are proscribed. It has long been a *theory* that truth will come out of discussion; it is quite time to reduce the theory to practice; the world will be the wiser and better for a fair hearing given to all sides, and, in the end, they who have the right with them will assuredly be the victors. Especially at this time, when there is a manifest attempt to restore the *principle* of the subjection of reason to authority; when Romanism is struggling to resume its dominion over Protestantism, and when the right of free inquiry is put in issue, it is more than ever necessary that it should be boldly vindicated by all who acknowledge

it, not only by claiming it for themselves, but by as frankly conceding it to others.

This volume contains a correspondence that has passed between Miss MARTINEAU and Mr. ATKINSON, on no less grave and grand a theme than *Man's Nature and Development*. Mr. ATKINSON has studied Mesmerism, and it is impossible for any person, having any powers of reflection, to witness the phenomena to which that name is given, without having stirred within him many curious speculations as to their cause, nor without having his thoughts directed to the constitution of the being who is seen thus in circumstances that present him in a new aspect, and, certainly, afford a far deeper insight than any other into the laws of his nature. Both of the writers, evidently, *desire* to learn the truth, and each seeks the aid of the other in the investigation. From many of their conclusions, however, we must express a decided dissent, for reasons which we will state when we come to them.

That man is governed by organic laws as strict as those which govern any other part of animal creation: that he is subject to them as well as to the physical laws that rule all matter, animate as well as inanimate: that obedience to them is rewarded by health and happiness, and disobedience punished by disease and death—will not now be disputed by any person of ordinary intelligence. That the mind operates upon the external world through the medium of bodily organs will not be the less readily acknowledged. It follows that by *experiment* only can we learn what are the laws by which this machine is put in motion.

Until very lately, philosophers have overlooked this fact, and hence, the science of mind has made no progress. Instead of treating it, like all other sciences, by experiment, they have dogmatised and theorised, each one endeavouring to invent a new hypothesis, and all referring to their own individual consciousness for their proofs, forgetting that the same being cannot be at once the observer and the observed.

Mr. ATKINSON takes his stand on *Phrenology* as the true science of mind. Mental Philosophy, he says, is the physiology of the brain. And he is right so far. If, as almost all physiologists are now agreed, the brain is the organ by means of which the mind communicates with the external world, for all *practical* purposes the physiology of the nervous system is the physiology of the mind.

But here we part company with Mr. ATKINSON. He is of opinion that, at this stage, our knowledge ends; that all the facts point to the brain as being the whole; that it is not an organ, but the mind itself. "Mind," he says, "is the consequence or product of the material man, its existence depending on the action of the brain."

We are, for the present, considering this question entirely as a *scientific* one, apart from theology or any extraneous evidence, beyond that which is supplied by the evidence of facts in nature. Thus tried, Mr. ATKINSON is partially right. There was no *scientific proof* of the existence of mind apart from brain, until revealed by the phenomena of Mesmerism. But we must confess our surprise that Mr. ATKINSON, with his great experience of those phenomena, should not have found in them the evidence which had been so long anxiously sought in vain, of the existence of mind as distinct from matter. In those phenomena it is *seen*. No other hypothesis will account for them. Mesmerism, in truth, has *disproved* materialism, and thus has rendered to the world a service which should have been better required than it has been. Religion is under deepest obligations to it, for it has supplied the one witness that was wanting—the experimental proof—of a being dwelling in this wondrous machine, the human frame, which is *not* a part of it.

Mr. ATKINSON's partial views on this subject are thus expressed:

The brain is not, as even some phrenologists have asserted, "the instrument of the mind." When a glass of wine turns a wise man into a fool, is it not clear that

the result is the consequence of a change in the material conditions? The thoughts and will are changed. Another glass, and even consciousness is laid at rest—no longer exists;—and hence, such existence is clearly but a temporary and dependent condition;—as much so, as light or heat, fragrance, beauty, or any electric or magnetic phenomena. The same reasoning which induces the conclusion that the brain is the instrument of the mind, must force a consistent man to conclude that the steam-engine is not the machine producing, but the instrument of that which is produced by its action; or that the galvanic apparatus is the instrument of a galvanic will or power.

The fallacy here is palpable. If there be a soul, and it acts only through the human machine, whatever suspends the action of the machine affects to that extent the seeming character of the soul itself. As to the simile of the steam engine, if good for anything, it establishes *our* argument, instead of Mr. ATKINSON'S. The steam engine will continue to act, only so long as some external intelligent power supplies the material that keeps it in motion. So with the human machine; it will not work without something *extra* the machine itself, to direct its motions.

Mr. ATKINSON is extremely clear and close in his statements and reasonings when he treats of the actual Physiology of the Brain. Although a phrenologist, he admits that charlatans have damaged the science by their attempts to carry it too far, and by their professions of reading character upon the skull, and so forth. His experience, and in this we can confirm him by our own, is, that Mesmerism affords a far better test of Phrenology and a surer index to the functions and positions of the organs of the various faculties than any other experiment. We can vouch for the truth of the following, having witnessed instances of similar results in persons whom we know to be honest:

I observed that under the influence of Mesmerism some patients would spontaneously place their hand, or rather the ends of the fingers, on the part of the brain in action; and these were persons wholly ignorant of phrenology. In some cases, the hand would pass very rapidly from part to part, as the organs became excited. If the habit of action was encouraged, they would follow every combination with precision; and if one hand would not do, they would use both, to cover distant parts in action at the same time. I was delighted with these effects; but did not consider them very extraordinary, because I had been accustomed to observe the same phenomena in a lesser degree, in the ordinary or normal condition. I know some who, on any excitement of their Love of Approbation, will rub their hand over the organ immediately. Others I have observed when irritated pass the hand over Destructiveness. I have observed others hold their hand over the region of the attachments, as they gazed on the object of their affection. I have watched the poet inspired to write, with the fingers pressing on the region of Ideality; and those listening to music leaning upon the elbow, with the finger pressing on the organ of Music; and I catch myself performing these actions, continually, as if I were a puppet moved by strings. You will observe, besides, how the head follows the excited organ. The proud man throws his head back: the firm man carries his head erect: vanity draws the head on one side, with the hat on the opposite side: the intellect presses the head forward: the affections throw it back upon the shoulders: and so with the rest.

You see what my aim is;—not to magnify plain things into marvels; but to reduce marvels into plain things. There should be no marvels in philosophy. To a philosopher, all things are equally wonderful. It is simply the rareness, or our ignorance, that makes the difference. Now, all these actions of the natural language will occur without our being conscious of any action or sensation whatever in the part. It is clear, therefore, that there must be some original directing force or sentence, independent of consciousness or will. But I found that some of these sleepers *were* conscious of the action going on in the brain; and that when any feeling or sense was in existence, they could tell you the part of the brain that was in action. It was not pain; nor exactly pulsation; but a clear and peculiar sensation in the part in action. Here I found a second important channel of investigation under Mesmerism. But still, this was not a new phenomenon to me: for in certain conditions of ill-health, I had been distinctly conscious of similar sensations.

The writer of this notice tried the experiment with a brother when in his ordinary

sleep. Pressing Mirth, he produced a smile; changing to Combativeness, the expression changed to a frown. It has often occurred to us whether dreams may not be influenced by the accident of the position of the head in sleep. In ourselves, we have noticed that, when sleeping upon the back, with a high pillow pressing Cautiousness, we have awakened in a terrible fright, and have distinctly felt the blood rushing into that part of the brain. When we have fallen asleep upon the face, we have dreamed of reading or speaking. May not the more agreeable dreams which everybody has when sleeping on the side, proceed from the pressure on Ideality? We throw out these hints for the consideration of the curious, and we hope that they may induce others to try the experiment and take note of their own experiences.

In her reply to this letter, Miss MARTINEAU relates an instance, that was described to her by the patient, of

A DEATH TRANCE.

Here is one kind of nerve for sensation, by which the cataleptic patient may feel while wholly unable to move; and another kind for motion, by which a patient may be frightfully convulsed without feeling anything. A friend of mine, who told me all about it, was in the first of these states,—her sentence acute while wholly incapable of motion; and she had a somewhat narrow escape from being buried alive. The most curious thing is, that she concluded herself to be dead. She was in a state of exhaustion after severe illness. A peculiar sensation ran through her. Her mother stooped over her bed, and then, as the patient heard, told the sister, who was by the fire, that all was over. While hearing their grief, and feeling their warm tears on her face, the patient could not open eyes or mouth, or stir a finger; and she concluded this to be death. It did occur to her to wonder how long this would last,—how many ages she should lie thus in the grave; but she does not remember feeling any painful alarm about this. Yet, when, in the afternoon, her mother began swathing her in the sheet, from the feet upwards, she extremely disliked the idea of her head being thus muffled up; and, as the sheet came higher and higher, she made a desperate effort, and opened her eyes,—sending her mother back far from the bed, with a start of astonishment. She was still so full of the idea which had moved her, that she struggled on till she said "Don't smother me;" though by that time the entreaty had become unnecessary. Now,—the discovery being made that one set of nerves relates to sensation and another to motion, what so probable as that one portion of the brain is appropriate to sensation, and another to motion? You have detected these portions, have you not? Tell me as much as you can about it, before going on to report of the functions of the cerebrum.

Mr. ATKINSON remarks truly that a knowledge of our nature can only be obtained by observing its peculiarities and its abnormal condition. Thus, the following phenomena appear to us to be invaluable *proofs* that there is a soul apart from the brain which, according to no known physiology, could do what undoubtedly is done by persons in the mesmeric state.

That such exalted conditions do exist, is now so clear a matter of history and daily occurrence, that no one need trouble himself to convince those who persist in ignorance, and doubt of what is so notorious. None know better than yourself how these *clairvoyant* powers have been manifested in a variety of forms, in all periods of history, and with all nations. We know that future events are foreseen in dreams and in trances; sometimes under the influence of mesmerism, and by some apparently in the ordinary condition of their lives. We know that some can see distant objects without the use of the eye; and that others can see, so to speak, through opaque objects, reading what is written in a closed book, and even the thoughts which are passing in the mind of another. We know that many under mesmerism can describe any diseased condition in themselves and in others within the sphere of their vision; that they have an instinct of remedies,—when a crisis will occur, and the cure will be effected. They do not go by any system, but by an instinct, so to term it, of the peculiar temperament and wants of each particular case. There are some who have detected the properties of herbs and of other substances, and can observe the structure, condition, action and uses of parts of the animal frame. Whatever doubt any one may have as to the truth of these particulars, the general fact has now been so clearly exhibited in almost every portion of

the civilized and uncivilized world, that, without regard to my own experience, I presume I may say that, in a general way, the fact is established. With such a host of notorious instances on record, it is difficult to conceive that any enlightened person would dispute it: but there are persons even in this great metropolis who talk on this subject as if they had been born, bred, and dwelling in an obscure country village, subject to its arrogant conceits and contracted sight.

Mr. ATKINSON is not an enthusiast, but a cautious pains-taking observer, slow to believe, and not satisfied with any experiment until he has tried it over and over again, and tested it by every possible device his great ingenuity can suggest. That which he reports, therefore, from his own observation, is entitled to acceptance. Here is a remarkable case of mental action powerfully developed when the body was, as it were, partially severed from the soul in the mesmeric sleep:

I will relate to you the nature of one case as an example, and as the one from which I have gained the most. This was a lady of fifty years of age; the mother of a large family, in a weakly state of health. She had lately become partially deaf; which was the cause of my first mesmerising her. She was not learned; but of a most unaffected and charming nature. I speak not from my feelings, nor praise her because she is my patient, and so clever a somnambule (which is too often done), but only relate what is the universal impression among those who knew her. She knew nothing whatever of physiological subjects. She is since dead. She manifested from time to time clear flashes of *clairvoyant* power in various ways. Her constitution was breaking up; and in the end, this power turned to mere delusive dreaming; which is common in such instances; but in the meantime, I had occupied her with the brain, finding that character of sight to be her *forte*. I could excite any part of her head, and under any combination: as I found that she could recognise the size and character of each organ when in action. She could explain the nature of each faculty, and its precise situation, and relation to other parts. She had the power of bringing into action any portion of the brain at will, whether it were among the outer or inner convolutions; and when there was any indistinctness or difficulty, she would say so, and would declare when she was tired, and could no more see with accuracy. She could thus see whether any sentiment were a simple power, or the result of a combination; and of what combination. She could see the form and structure of the brain. She never echoed my thoughts; but pointed out what was wholly new to me; and both in regard to the functions of the organ, and the form of the brain, there were the same difficulties and the same facilities of perception, whether it related to what I already knew or to what I was ignorant of. The objection that such instances are merely cases of excitement of the power of thought-reading was wholly out of the question. There was not the slightest approach to it. She would reply to me by fact after fact, and reason upon reason, which proved to be correct; but not in the least what I anticipated at the time. She always replied to what she supposed the question referred to, and never to my thought.

He observes that he has never seen an instance of thought-reading, as it is termed, and this we have ourselves remarked. What was called such was either sympathy or suggestion.

We must pause here: but we shall, of course, return to so remarkable a volume, for the double purpose of supporting some parts and answering others.

Of Happiness in its Relations to Work and Knowledge. A Lecture. By JOHN FORBES, M.D. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

THIS was the subject of an introductory lecture delivered by Dr. FORBES to the Chichester Literary Society. Its design was, to prove that the sources of happiness are within ourselves, and that, by the cultivation of the mind, we may obtain that continual occupation of the thoughts, which is the great shield against the ingress of care, the most speedy and certain antidote to grief, and the source of cheerfulness. Dr. FORBES speaks from his own experience of this, and his opinion will be echoed by every person who has tasted the never-failing enjoyments that flow from the active pursuits of science, literature or art. He says, with an unassuming candour which cannot be too much admired:

And now, my young friends, I turn once more to you begging pardon of your seniors for the egotism in which, on your account, I am about to indulge. But knowing well how much more what may be called a *living illustration* of a fact or principle, impresses the mind, than a mere didactic enunciation or even demonstration of it, I wish you all to understand that what you have heard to night, is, in some respects, a transcript from the book of my own life. In no slight degree owing to the practical influence on my mind of the principles enunciated, my life has been, thank Heaven, a happy one; inasmuch that I am prepared to say with the great Franklin, that if the impossible could be made possible and it were offered me to begin my mortal career anew, I would not hesitate to accept the boon, desiring no other alteration in its course and quality but the correction (as Franklin said) of those *errata* of conduct which, on looking back, I regret to see disfiguring not a few of its otherwise fair pages.

If you would further desire to know to what besides I am chiefly indebted for so enviable a lot, I would say:—1st. Because I had the good fortune to come into the world with a healthful frame, and with a sanguine temperament. 2nd. Because I had no patrimony, and was therefore obliged to trust to my own exertions for a livelihood. 3rd. Because I was born in a land where instruction is greatly prized and readily accessible. 4th. Because I was brought up to a profession which not only compelled mental exercise but supplied for its use materials of the most delightful and varied kind. And lastly and principally, because the good man to whom I owe my existence, had the foresight to know what would be best for his children. He had the wisdom, and the courage, and the exceeding love to bestow all that could be spared of his worldly means, to purchase for his sons, that which is beyond price, education; well-judging that the means so expended, if hoarded for future use, would be, if not valueless, certainly evanescent, while the precious treasure for which they were exchanged, a cultivated and instructed mind, would not only last through life, but might be the fruitful source of treasures far more precious than itself. So equipped, he sent them forth into the world to fight life's battle, leaving the issue in the hand of God; confident, however, that though they might fail to achieve renown or to conquer fortune, they possessed that which, if rightly used, could win for them the yet higher prize of happiness.

This little book cannot be too widely diffused among young and old: all may profit by it, but every young person should be directed to read it. Every school should place it upon its library shelf.

SCIENCE.

The Planetary System: its Order and Physical Structure. By J. P. NICHOL, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, &c. London: Bailliere. 1850.

TO Dr. NICHOL belongs the credit of having been the first to make the science of Astronomy popular. Others had treated it scientifically, but, addressing themselves to the scientific, they wrote in the language of the learned, and their writings were a mystery to the uninitiated. Dr. NICHOL undertook the task of describing the Wonders of the Heavens in words familiar to the common ear, and thus he has succeeded in introducing Astronomy to multitudes who, but for him, would have lived and died ignorant of the magnificent scheme of creation amid which they dwell, and never have known the pleasure of that expansion of mind which results from the contemplation of Divinity as seen in His mightiest works.

The volume before us is a more formal one than its predecessor. Without departing from popular language and descriptions intelligible to every capacity, Dr. NICHOL has here treated the subject systematically, or rather, we should say, he has produced that which is intended to be an introduction to a systematic treatise which he informs us is in preparation. He offers this volume "to all who are anxious to obtain as large an acquaintance with the order and constitution of our system as lies within reach of that numerous class who cannot boast of acquisitions in Mathematics."

But he has not, therefore, excluded any legitimate portion of his great theme, nor has he fallen into the error, not uncommon with popular teachers, of lowering his *thoughts* as

well as his language, to the comprehension of the ignorant. It has been well said that the art of writing is to think as the wise think, but to speak as the people speak. This Dr. Nichol has done. He is conscious of the true character of his mission as a teacher. "It ought," he says, "to be accounted a fundamental maxim of the art of education, that to descend lower than the pupil requires, is as great a mistake as to soar above his acquisitions or his powers. In accordance with this principle, I have attempted to adjust the present volume to the knowledge and defects characteristic of a certain degree of mental development: and if I were asked when and in what manner the elements I now assume ought to be systematically inculcated, I would reply, that in the very earliest stage of the child's education—viz., when he is learning to read—his curiosity should be at once stimulated and satisfied by the correction and expansion of his own crude and anxious thoughts concerning the visible marvels of the heavens."

The treatise is divided into two parts: the first describes the Order and Mechanism of the Planetary System; the second, the Physical Structure of the Orbs composing the Solar System. In discoursing of these he does not limit himself to dry details of numbers of which the mind can form no conception, nor is he content with mere statements of facts. He strives to exhibit the system as a whole, and the relationship of its various parts, and to deduce from the survey the laws by which it is governed, and even to penetrate some of the secrets of its creation. Even well-informed readers are probably not aware of the vast advances that have been made in discovery of the structure of the heavens during the last seven or eight years, since telescopes have been so much improved, and the views of astronomers have been so much expanded by the new facts revealed to them. Dr. Nichol has collected and arranged, in their proper places, all these recent discoveries, so that he presents to us the celestial scenery immensely enlarged and far better defined than any single book has yet shown it. Besides the intrinsic interest of his subject, he has the attractions of a style of singular eloquence and power, and to make his work complete, he has introduced a great number of engravings, which exhibit to the eye the aspects of the various planetary bodies, as beheld through the best telescopes.

Of such a book as this we can attempt, by extract, to show the style only; no notion of its information can be conveyed by a few pages from it. But of the former we take two or three beautiful specimens. He introduces the Nebular Theory of LAPLACE with the following reflections on

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

It is possible, that on the threshold of the investigation before us, it may occur to a certain class of minds, that the laws or arrangements we are seeking to explain are really primary, and therefore incapable of explanation. It may be said, for instance, "These are merely expressive of the manner in which our planetary system was at first constructed; indications of the order stamped upon it by the creative fiat." The times indeed have long gone by, in which any sound or logical thinker would be disposed to fancy that an explanation of the mystery of the external world can be reached, merely by referring existing events and appearances to some prior physical condition; but it requires to be emphatically noticed, that the feeling which demands, as the necessary substratum of all that is comprehended within space and time, the existence of one absolute, unchangeable, causative intelligence, contains no element whatsoever entitling one to declare that at such or such a point any special stream of succession arose. Why, indeed, or by what power or faculty of the human intellect, can any one be authorized to assert, that the special condition in which it appears was the primary condition of the solar system? There is a creature named the Ephemeron, which is born and dies within an hour. Suppose that creature endowed with a momentary reason, and examining the exquisite arrangements of a blossom—the fine adaptations of the complex and innumerable vessels, and the wonderful evolution of that beautiful colouring,—what chance is there that a creature so evanescent, unless it had arisen to our loftiest views concerning unfathomable time and

the awful grandeur of creation—what chance of its conceiving that this blossom ever had a bud, far less that the trees which bore it sprang from an insignificant seed? And as man gazes on that resplendent solar system, what is he save an Ephemeron? The element of difference is nowhere in the objects contemplated, but in the relative powers of the contemplators; and surely—notwithstanding the heights and depths of the boasted vision of our race—it is possible that the vastest durations it ever can explore are not in relation to what exists, or to the glance of the infinite mind, more imposing than the solitary tick of a clock, which is heard and passes!

Thus he treats the question

ARE THE STARS INHABITED?

For one moment, and in conclusion, let me glance at the nature of one question—of all the most interesting; that which concerns the probable existence of life through the spaces whose contents we have reached. The problem is perhaps equivalent to this: Are we, without passing into extravagance, entitled to assume that forces, which enter so essentially into the constitution of our earth, are not confined within its conditions? Take in illustration the vast power of gravity. Before science raised the veil from the distant, we knew it only in the fact of the fall of a stone, or in the roundness of a drop of water; now we have followed it through the complex motions of the moon, and through the order of the entire system. It pursues the comets through the abysses; it governs the orbits of the double and triple stars; it guides the sun in his path through the skies; ay, and even those stupendous evolutions of firmaments, during which the stars congregate into dazzling clusters, or arrange themselves in galaxies. Boundless the sphere of this force; and shall an energy yet nobler, more subtle, probably with a root much more profound, be fancied so weak, so feeble, so dependent on circumstance, that only in our world, or some one like it, it is free to work out its wonderful products? Look at its history in that very earth. In the chalk cliffs, in caverns unseen by the sun, in marshes that to man are desolation and death, life yet teems and rejoices—its forms growing in adaptation to their conditions. Long ages ago the odd Trilobite swarmed in our oceans, and the large-eyed Ichthyosaur dashed through their waters. These are gone; but plastic nature, ever forming with ceaseless activity, has, by the most mysterious of her actions, brought up new forms to play their parts among her vast scenes. Through space, as through time, she is doubtless working; and—with all their joys and sorrows—evolving far mightier results than dead, inorganic worlds. I see this in the blush of the morning which beams on all these globes, and there, too, awakens the glad creatures from their repose. I see it in the downfall of evening, that speaks of refreshment from toil; but also of the living time of activities not fitted for the sun. I see it in the progress of the earth, and in its course, through much conflict, towards perfection: for its rocks and stones tell not only of change, but of the struggles of its creatures to become linked to something higher:—Yes! ye worlds wondrous and innumerable, that shine aloft, and shower around us your many mystic influences,—ye, too, are the abodes of sentience suited to your conditions; ay, and of intelligence, different, far different from ours, and in states of approach to the divinity of all possible gradations; but of which every constituent—every creature of whatever kind—is pressing outward like the bud in spring, and stretching with longings that are unutterable towards the infinite and the eternal!

Our readers will, perhaps, excuse the space occupied by the description of

THE CRATERS OF THE MOON.

The objects now to engage us may be justly termed the characteristic feature of the Moon's disturbed region, as they certainly are its most wonderful and peculiar one. Not less than three-fifths of the surface of our Satellite are studded with vast caverns, or rather circular pits, penetrating into its mass, and usually engirt at the top with a high wall of rock, which is sometimes serrated and crowned by peaks. These caverns, or as they are termed craters, vary in diameter from fifty or sixty miles to the smallest space visible—probably 500 feet; and the numbers increase as the diameter diminishes, so that the multitude of the smaller ones becomes so great that we cannot reckon it. The ridge which environs the crater is always sloping on its external side, and steep or rather precipitous within, although it seldom descends to the cavern's base by a single cliff or leap. Within it, there are generally concentric ridges, assuming the form of terraces, and making the descent to the bottom of the central chasm appear more gradual. The bottom of the crater is sometimes convex, low ridges of mountains being also found running through it; while at its centre conical peaks frequently rise, and smaller craters, whose height, however, seldom reaches the base

of the exterior wall. These curious objects are so crowded in some parts of the Moon, that they seem to have pressed on each other, and disturbed and even broken down each other's edges; so that through their mutual interference the most odd-shaped caverns have arisen. It often happens, too, that smaller craters, are found on the wall; and in many instances one can discern that the wall has been severely shaken by the force, whatever it was, that gave rise to the secondary object. Plate IV. is an ideal sketch embodying most of these features; it is a view into the interior of a crater—one side being supposed removed; but as notices so general cannot enable any one to realize the actual structure of these remarkable formations, I shall attempt a minute description of one of them—a prominent object indeed, but still typical of that class—I mean the crater Tycho.

1. The object of which I am about to speak is, that brilliant spot near the top of the Moon, which, when the Moon is full, appears the centre of a system of shining streams or rays (diagram, p. 278.) The country around it is peculiarly disturbed; there is no plain there larger than a common field. Now if, passing across that rugged district, one were gradually approaching Tycho, its first and distant aspect would seem like an immense wall or ridge of rock in the horizon, with a stretch of nearly fifty miles, and reflecting the Sun's rays with a peculiar lustre. On approaching the ridge its character would change; we should then discern that it is part of an immense circle, but perhaps neither so lofty nor so steep that a practised mountaineer of the earth need shrink from its ascent. Suppose the ascent accomplished, and that with terrestrial ideas one stood on the summit. Trusting to the analogy of every disturbed region of our own planet, we must have thought of the opposite side while it was unseen, only as a corresponding slope, or at least as a descent which, if differing in steepness, would correspond in extent; but the eye is now in presence of an appalling contrast! On the edge of a dizzy cliff, passing down by one unbroken leap for 13,000 feet, the traveller gazes below him in terror and bewilderment. At the base of the cliff several low parallel terraces creep along; but a little onwards the depth of the chasm is revealed, and it descends from the top of the ridge no less than 17,000 feet, or 2000 feet more than the summit of Mont Blanc rises above the level of the sea! It is quickly perceived, too, that this huge barrier encloses a vast circular area of the Moon's surface,—an area fifty-five miles in diameter; so that, if the spectator were at the chasm's centre, he would find around him on every side, at the distance of twenty-seven miles, a gigantic and unbroken wall—unbroken by gap, or ravine, or pass of any description—rising into the air 17,000 feet, and forbidding his return to the external world! From the point at which I write, the solitary peak of Goatfell appears piercing into the clouds, although its elevation is less than 3000 feet, and it is removed from me at least forty miles; how frightful then that seclusion in the Moon, a chasm utterly impassable, its walls bare, rugged, hopeless as a prison's bars! It is a solitude, too, which nothing alleviates: verdure is never there, nor the song of bird; rain never refreshes, nor cloud shelters it; it is relieved from a scorching sun and flaming sky only by night with its stars.—Nor among those countless pits is Tycho the most appalling. There are some of nearly equal depth whose diameter may not exceed 3000 feet; nay, towards the polar regions of the Moon caverns probably exist whose depths have never yet been illumined by one beam of the solar light!

This volume should be found in every family, and it should be made the reading-book of schools.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. In six vols. Vol. VI. London: Longman and Co.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

It is with very great reluctance that we quit this delightful book; it is so pleasant to linger over the memory of one whose history will be ever an example to the youth aspiring after literary honours; of the patient, persevering industry, combined with all the qualities of head and heart, by which only a permanent place can be secured in the respect of contemporaries and the reverence of future ages. How SOUTHEY disposed his time appears in a letter to Mr. MAY.

A DAY OF SOUTHEY'S LIFE.

See how the day is disposed of! I get out of bed as the clock strikes six, and shut the house-door after me

as it strikes seven. After two hours with Davies, home to breakfast, after which Cuthbert engages me till about half-past ten, and when the post brings no letters that either interest or trouble me (for of the latter I have many), by eleven I have done with the newspaper, and can then set about what is properly the business of the day. But letters are often to be written, and I am liable to frequent interruptions; so that there are not many mornings in which I can command from two to three unbroken hours at the desk. At two I take my daily walk, be the weather what it may, and, when the weather permits, with a book in my hand; dinner at four, read about half-an-hour; then take to the sofa with a different book, and after a few pages get my soundest sleep, till summoned to tea at six. My best time during the winter is by candle-light: twilight interferes with it a little; and in the season of company I can never count upon an evening's work. Supper at half-past nine, after which I read an hour, and then to bed. The greatest part of my miscellaneous work is done in the odds and ends of time.

Our readers have been informed of his love for cats. They will understand the indignation so eloquently expressed in the following letter addressed to an Oxford Student, who was reading at Keswick.

Young Gentlemen,

It has come to the knowledge of the writer that one of your amusements here is to worry cats,—that you buy them from those owners who can be tempted to the sin of selling them for such a purpose, and that you employ boys to steal them for you.

A woman who was asked by her neighbour how she could do so wicked a thing as to sell her cat to you, made answer that she never would have done it, if she could have saved the poor creature; but that if she had not sold it, it would have been stolen by your agents, and, therefore, she might as well have the half-crown herself.

Neither her poverty nor her will consented; yet she was made to partake in your wickedness because she could not prevent it. She gave up to your barbarity a domestic animal—a fire-side companion, with which her children had played, and which she herself had fondled on her lap. You tempted her, and she took the price of its blood.

Are you incapable, young gentlemen, of understanding the injury you have done to this woman in her own conscience, and in the estimation of her neighbours?

Be this as it may, you cannot have been so ill taught as not to know that you are setting an evil example in a place to which you have come for the ostensible object of pursuing your studies in a beautiful country; that your sport is as blackguard as it is brutal; that cruelty is a crime by the laws of God, and theft by the laws also of man; that in employing boys to steal for you, and thus training them up in the way they should not go, you are doing the devil's work; that they commit a punishable offence when serving you in this way, and that you commit one in so employing them.

You are hereby warned to give up these practices. If you persist in them, this letter will be sent to all the provincial newspapers.

From a letter to his daughter, we take his account of his visit to BOWLES, whose daughter he subsequently married. It is an interesting sketch of the venerable poet and his parsonage.

W. L. BOWLES.

Look at the history of Bremhill, and you will see Bowles's parsonage; it is near the fine old church, and as there are not many better livings, there are few more pleasantly situated. The garden is ornamented in his way, with a jet-fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer to the names of Snowdrop and Lily, have a pond to themselves, and if they are not duly fed there at the usual time, up they march to the breakfast-room window. Mrs. Bowles has also a pet hawk called Peter, a name which has been borne by two of his predecessors. The view from the back of the house extends over a rich country, to the distant downs, and the white horse may be seen distinctly by better eyes than mine, without the aid of a glass.

Much as I had heard of Bowles's peculiarities, I should very imperfectly have understood his character if I had not passed some little time under his roof. He has indulged his natural timidity to a degree little short of insanity, yet he sees how ridiculous it makes him, and laughs himself at follies which nevertheless he is continually repeating. He is literally afraid of everything. His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fear, and his goodness, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with. He is in his seventy-third year, and for that age is certainly a fine old man, in full possession of all his faculties, though so afraid of being deaf, when a

slight cold affects his hearing, that he puts a watch to his ear twenty times in the course of the day. Our reception was as hospitable as possible, Mrs. Bowles was as kind as himself, and everything was done to make us comfortable.

In the course of the same western tour, he visited the servant whose volume he had introduced to the world:

MARY COLLING.

I have taken a journey which has warmed some old attachments, and been in many respects of use. As for Cuthbert, he declares that it would have been worth while to make the whole journey, for the sake of seeing Mary Colling. Verily I never saw any person in and about whom, everything was more entirely what you could wish, and what it ought to be. She is the pattern of neatness and propriety, simplicity and good sense. Her old master, Mr. Hughes, is as proud of her as if she was his daughter. They live in a small house, the garden of which extends to the river Tary, a beautiful stream; and her kitchen is such a kitchen for neatness and comfort, that you would say at once no person who could not be happy there, deserved to be happy anywhere else. Strangers (and there are many whom Mrs. Bray's book draws to Tavistock and Dartmoor) generally inquire for her, and find means to see her, and she has already a little library of books which have been presented to her by such persons.

In 1837, he addressed the following excellent hints to a lady who had asked his opinion as to her abilities as a poet:

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POETESS.

It is not my advice that you have asked as to the direction of your talents, but my opinion of them; and yet the opinion may be worth little, and the advice much. You evidently possess, and in no inconsiderable degree, what Wordsworth calls "the faculty of verse." I am not depreciating it when I say, that in these times it is not rare. Many volumes of poems are now published every year without attracting public attention, any one of which, if it had appeared half a century ago, would have obtained a high reputation for its author. Whoever, therefore, is ambitious of distinction in this way, ought to be prepared for disappointment.

But it is not with a view to distinction that you should cultivate this talent, if you consult your own happiness. I, who have made literature my profession, and devoted my life to it, and have never for a moment repented of the deliberate choice, think myself nevertheless bound in duty to caution every young man who applies as an aspirant to me for encouragement and advice, against taking so perilous a course. You will say that a woman has no need of such a caution: there can be no peril in it for her. In a certain sense this is true; but there is a danger of which I would, with all kindness and all earnestness, warn you. The day dreams in which you habitually indulge are likely to induce a disordered state of mind; and in proportion as all the ordinary uses of the world seem to you flat and unprofitable, you will be unfitted for them without becoming fitted for anything else. Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure will she have for it even as an accomplishment and a recreation. To those duties you have not yet been called, and when you are you will be less eager for celebrity. You will not seek in imagination for excitement, of which the vicissitudes of this life, and the anxieties from which you must not hope to be exempted, be your state what it may, will bring with them but too much.

But do not suppose that I disparage the gift which you possess; nor that I would discourage you from exercising it. I only exhort you to think of it, and so to use it, as to render it conducive to your own permanent good. Write poetry for its own sake; not in a spirit of emulation, and not with a view to celebrity: the less you aim at that, the more likely you will be to deserve, and finally to obtain it. So written, it is wholesome both for the heart and soul; it may be made the surest means, next to religion, of soothing the mind, and elevating it. You may embody in it your best thoughts and your wisest feelings, and in so doing discipline and strengthen them.

The gradual approach and progress of the disease of which he died (paralysis), are described minutely. We see him at first slow in his movements, then slightly forgetful, then losing his way in strange places, then ceasing partially from his accustomed labours—reading less—writing less—then refraining from writing at all, conscious that he could not command the current of his thoughts:

SOUTHEY'S DECAY.

His mind, while any spark of its reasoning powers

remained, was busy with its old day-dreams—the History of Portugal—the History of the Monastic Orders—the Doctor; all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest—all completed, and new works added to these.

For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading, and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically.

In the earlier stages of his disorder (if the term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay), he could still converse at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past, and as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still farther back. Names he could rarely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow and sadly exclaim,—“Memory! memory! where art thou gone?”

But this failure altogether was so gradual, and at the same time so complete, that I am inclined to hope and believe there was not on the whole much painful consciousness of it; and certainly for more than a year preceding his death, he passed his time as in a dream, with little, if any, knowledge of what went on around him.

And thus briefly told is the last sad scene of all:

SOUTHEY'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

In some cases of this kind, towards the end some glimmering of reason reappears, but this must be when the mind is obscured or upset, not, as in this case, apparently worn out. The body gradually grew weaker and disorders appeared which the state of the patient rendered it almost impossible to treat properly; and after a short attack of fever, the scene closed on the 21st of March, 1843, and a second time had we cause to feel deeply thankful, when the change from life to death, or more truly from death to life, took place.

It was a dark and stormy morning when he was borne to his last resting-place, at the western end of the beautiful churchyard of Crosthwaite. There lies his dear son Herbert—there his daughters Emma and Isabel—there Edith, his faithful helpmate of forty years. But few beside his own family and immediate neighbours followed his remains. His only intimate friend within reach, Mr. Wordsworth, crossed the hills that wild morning to be present.

The following lines of WORDSWORTH are inscribed upon his tomb:

Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here; on you
His eyes have closed; and ye loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own,—
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance or the church's weal,
Or fancy disciplined by curious art
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet in holier rest.
His joys—his griefs—have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death.

As we have already observed, these volumes are only materials for a biography; they are not entitled to the name of a biography. And rightly so, for a son's is not the hand to write a father's history—he cannot be at once filial and impartial.

Nevertheless the world is indebted to the Rev. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY for having made so copious a collection of authentic materials for some future biographer, and for a work which, crude as it is, cannot fail to prove deeply interesting and instructive to readers of every age and class.

Lavengro; the Scholar—the Gypsy—the Priest. By GEORGE BORROW, Author of “The Gypsies in Spain.” In 3 vols. London: Murray. 1851.

Who that read that most extraordinary book

of our time, *The Gypsies in Spain*, has not longed to learn something of the early history of the author? He must have witnessed more romantic scenes and strange adventures than fiction has ever feigned. A faithful narrative of such a career would be a revelation that would go down to posterity to be perused with ever new interest and delight by successive generations, to whom it would be as fresh as to us who have seen and known the author; when, therefore, it was noised abroad that Mr. Borrow was actually writing his autobiography, there was an excitement in the literary world of London, such as we seldom remember to have witnessed on any occasion of a mere promise of a forthcoming book; everybody was eager to learn something about it; anticipation was stimulated to the utmost, and the circulating libraries were besieged by borrowers, anxious to obtain the first enjoyment of the expected treat.

Great, indeed, is the disappointment. Not that the book is not in itself a very curious and a very amusing book, but it is not what it promised to be, nor what it was expected to be. It is not an autobiography at all. It is not even a true story so far as it goes. It is nothing more than a fiction founded on fact. We should properly have placed it under the department of "Fiction," but that we were unwilling to put upon it so severe a satire. The worst of it is, too, that the fiction and the fact are so mingled that it is impossible to distinguish the one from the other, and, therefore, the cloud of suspicion and doubt rests upon the whole. Mr. Borrow confesses to this in his preface. He says, "In the following pages I have endeavoured to describe a dream, partly of study, partly of adventure, in which will be found copious notices of books, and many descriptions of life and manners, some in a very unusual form."

We do not know that we have a right to accuse either Mr. Borrow or his publisher of unfairness in this, for it cannot be shown that either of them has been directly instrumental in propagating the rumour, universally accredited, that the forthcoming book was a truthful autobiography and nothing more. It may be that in this instance, as in so many others, the public has been self-deceived. The title, certainly had not even a seeming show of veracity, and the advertisements have never ventured to indicate the real nature of the work itself. But although we may not blame, we may express the deep regret that is felt by all the reading world of the Metropolis, not merely for their present disappointment in having a fiction substituted for a narrative, but that this unfortunate mistake annihilates the hope of a future veritable memoir—for two reasons, first, that the facts of this book will ruin, by anticipation, the interest that would otherwise have been taken in a genuine biography; and, secondly, that its fiction will destroy all confidence in the veracity of any future history from the same pen.

Nor is this all the complaint we have to make of *Lavengro*. It is not only fictitious in great part, but it is fiction in its worst form. It is not a regular romance, nor even a continuous narrative, but a collection of sketches, scarcely connected by the slightest thread. Each one is interesting by itself and in itself, but it has no relation to that which precedes or follows it. From appearances we should say that they had been written for a periodical—they are so thoroughly in magazine style.

Equally, then, as an autobiography and as a fiction, *Lavengro* is an utter failure. It must descend from the high place in which the world was disposed to place it by anticipation, to a position very low indeed in the ranks of literature. Instead of a first-rate, it is but a fourth or a fifth-rate, work, and as such only can judgment be passed upon it.

Viewed, then, as a collection of sketches, as a very indiscriminate gathering from the author's portfolio—*Lavengro* is readable and amusing enough. It will serve to relieve the tedium of an idle hour; it will perform the

same purpose as "the latest novel of the season," to be galloped through, talked about for a few evenings, and forgotten. It is altogether a circulating library book: a prudent man would no more think of buying it to keep, than he would dream of buying any one of the romances of the season which are intended to die with it. The reader needs not to begrudge his fourpence a volume to borrow it; he will find himself repaid for such an outlay by some very vivid pictures of a new and strange phase of society, and some singularly graphic portraits of character and sketches of scenery. But that is all.

Of the actual life of the author we are told very little. *Lavengro* is the Gypsy term for "Word Master," and we presume was Mr. Borrow's Gypsy name. He was born, it seems, in some unnamed year in the 19th century, at some unnamed place, his father being an officer in the army, his mother a descendant of a French Protestant family who emigrated to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father's military duties compelled a sort of wandering life, which not improbably fostered, if it did not produce in the boy, the rambling tastes which were so remarkably developed in his after life. As he grew older, he took to studying languages, for which he had a natural facility, but mingled with this was an equally powerful passion for vagabondage, and a love of low adventurous and lawless society. His wanderings at this period of his life are told with considerable spirit, and form by far the most interesting portion of this work, because it is the most real. He goes to London, like so many others, to seek a livelihood by his wits, finds, like others, that there are more wits wanting employment than employers who want wits, he endures much distress, and in a sort of despair turns to the, to him, no less congenial occupation of a travelling tinker! He purchases the stock in trade of a certain Herculean tinker, known by the name of "the Flaming Tinman," whose *chere amie* he wins from him; by whom he is challenged to mortal combat with fists; whom he fights and conquers. The lady, of course, remains with the Conquering Hero, and she becomes his instructor in Armenian!

And this is the substance and the end of *Lavengro*!

But as its sole interest, as we have said, lies in its isolated sketches, some of which are very powerful, from them we must take equally isolated specimens of the contents of this most disappointing book.

Borrow, it will be remembered, had a passion for horses. He was a great rider. This is the account of

MY FIRST RIDE.

And it came to pass that, as I was standing by the door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms came out to me, saying, "I say, young gentleman, I wish you would give the cob a breathing this fine morning." "Why do you wish me to mount him?" said I; "you know he is dangerous. I saw him fling you off his back only a few days ago." "Why, that's the very thing, master. I'd rather see anybody on his back than myself; he does not like me; but to them he does, he can be as gentle as a lamb." "But suppose," said I, "that he should not like me?" "We shall soon see that, master," said the groom: "and, if so be he shows temper, I will be the first to tell you to get down. But there's no fear of that; you have never angered or insulted him, and to such as you, I say again, he'll be as gentle as a lamb." "And how came you to insult him," said I, "knowing his temper as you do?" "Merely through forgetfulness, master: I was riding him about a month ago, and having a stick in my hand, I struck him, thinking I was on another horse, or rather thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me, though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world; I should like to see you on him, master." "I should soon be off him; I can't ride." "Then you are all right, master; there's no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer's son, who can't ride. If you were a blackguard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs, 'twere another thing; as it is, he'll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride! he'll soon teach you to ride if you leave the matter with him. He's the best riding master in all Ireland, and the gentlest." The cob was led forth; what

a tremendous creature! I had frequently seen him before, and wondered at him; he was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a metropolitan dray-horse; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back; his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength; he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short. In a word, he was a gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at the present day nearly extinct. "There!" said the groom, as he looked at him, half admiringly, half sorrowfully, "with sixteen stone on his back, he'll trot fourteen miles in one hour, with your nine stone some two and a half more: ay, and a clear six-foot wall at the end of it." "I'm half afraid," said I; "I had rather you would ride him." "I'd rather so, too, if he would let me; but he remembers the blow. Now, don't be afraid, young master, he's longing to go out himself. He's been trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means; he'll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them; but to me he says, 'No, you struck me!' " "But, said I, "where's the saddle?" "Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be a frank rider, you must begin without a saddle; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don't trust him, and leave you to yourself. Now, before you mount, make his acquaintance—see there, how he kisses you and licks your face, and see how he lifts his foot, that's to shake hands. You may trust him—now you are on his back at last; mind how you hold the bridle—gently, gently. It's not four pair of hands like yours can hold him if he wishes to be off. Mind what I tell you—leave it all to him." Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast and rough, however, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off, the animal perceived it too, and instantly stood stone still till I had righted myself; and now the groom came up; "When you feel yourself going," said he, "don't lay hold of the mane, that's no use; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning; it's his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That's it, now, abroad with you; I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular rough rider by the time you come back." And so it proved; I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding, after the first timidity is got over, to supple and youthful limbs; and there is no second fear. The creature soon found that the nerves of his rider were in proper tone. Turning his head half round, he made a kind of whining noise, flung out a little foam, and set off. In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road, bathed with perspiration, but screaming with delight; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

It appears that, when a very little boy he seized a viper, ignorant of its venom, and was not bitten, a circumstance which he attributes to a special faculty which, in his opinion, some persons, and himself among them, have of "charming" or subduing animals. He was afterwards fond of snakes: made pets of them, and it was while amusing himself with one of these pets that he made

HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE GYPSIES.

One day it happened that, being on my rambles, I entered a green lane which I had never seen before; at first it was rather narrow, but as I advanced it became considerably wider; in the middle was a drift-way, with deep ruts, but right and left was a space carpeted with a sward of trefoil and clover; there was no lack of trees, chiefly ancient oaks, which, flinging out their arms from either side, nearly formed a canopy, and afforded a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun, which was burning fiercely above. Suddenly a group of objects attracted my attention. Beneath one of the largest of the trees, upon the grass, was a kind of low tent or booth, from the top of which a thin smoke was curling; beside it stood a couple of light carts, whilst two or three lean horses or ponies were cropping the herbage which was growing nigh. Wondering to whom this odd tent could belong, I advanced till I was close before it, when I found that it consisted of two tilts, like those of waggons, placed upon the ground, and fronting each other, connected behind by a sail, or large piece of canvas, which was but partially drawn across the top; upon the ground, in the intervening space, was a fire, over which, supported by a kind of iron crowbar, hung a caldron; my advance had been so noiseless as not to alarm the inmates, who consisted of a man and woman, who sat apart, one on each side of the fire: they were both busily employed—the man was carding plaited straw, whilst the woman seemed to be rubbing something with a white powder, some of which lay on a plate beside her; suddenly the

man looked up, and, perceiving me, uttered a strange kind of cry, and the next moment both the woman and himself were on their feet, and rushing out upon me. I retreated a few steps, yet without turning to flee. I was not, however, without apprehension, which, indeed, the appearance of these two people was well calculated to inspire: the woman was a stout figure, seemingly between thirty and forty; she wore no cap, and her long hair fell on either side of her head like horse-tails, half way down her waist; her skin was dark and swarthy, like that of a toad, and the expression of her countenance was particularly evil; her arms were bare, and her bosom was but half concealed by a slight bodice, below which she wore a coarse petticoat, her only article of dress. The man was somewhat younger, but of a figure equally wild; his frame was long and lathy, but his arms were remarkably short, his neck was rather bent, he squinted slightly, and his mouth was much awry; his complexion was dark, but, unlike that of the woman, was more ruddy than livid; there was a deep scar on his cheek, something like the impression of a halfpenny. The dress was quite in keeping with the figure; in his hat, which was slightly peaked, was stuck a peacock's feather; over a waistcoat of lude, untanned and with the hair upon it, he wore a rough jerkin of russet hue; smallclothes of leather, which had probably once belonged to a soldier, but with which pipeclay did not seem to have come in contact for many a year, protected his lower man as far as the knee; his legs were cased in long stockings of blue worsted, and on his shoes he wore immense old-fashioned buckles. Such were the two beings who now came rushing upon me; the man was rather in advance, brandishing a ladle in his hand. "So I've caught you at last," said he; "I'll teach you, you young highway-man, to come skulking about my properties." Young as I was, I remarked that his manner of speaking was different from that of any people with whom I had been in the habit of associating. It was quite as strange as his appearance, and yet it nothing resembled the foreign English which I had been in the habit of hearing through the palisades of the prison; he could scarcely be a foreigner. "Your properties!" said I; "I am in the King's Lane. Why did you put them there, if you did not wish them to be seen?" "On the spy," said the woman, "hey? I'll drown him in the sludge in the toad-pond over the hedge." "So we will," said the man, "drown him anon in the mud!" "Drown me, will you," said I; "I should like to see you! What's all this about? Was it because I saw you with your hands full of straw plait, and my mother there?" "Yes," said the woman; "what was I about?" Myself—How should I know? Making bad money, perhaps. And it will be as well here to observe that, at this time, there was much bad money in circulation in the neighbourhood, generally supposed to be fabricated by the prisoners, so that this false coin and straw plait formed the standard subjects of conversation at Norman Cross. "I'll strangle thee," said the beldame, dashing at me. "Bad money, is it!" "Leave him to me, wifelkin," said the man, interposing; "you shall now see how I'll baste him down the lane." Myself. I tell you what, my chap, you had better put down that thing of yours; my father lies concealed within my tepid breast, and if to me you offer any harm or wrong, I'll call him forth to aid me with his forked tongue.—Man. What do you mean, you Bengui's bantling? I never heard such discourse in my life; playman's speech, or Frenchman's talk—which, I wonder? Your father! Tell the mumping villain that if he comes near my fire I'll serve him out as I will you. Take that. * * * Tiny Jesus! what have we got here? Oh, delicate Jesus! what is the matter with the child? I had made a motion which the viper understood; and now, partly disengaging itself from my bosom, where it had lain perdu, it raised its head to a level with my face, and stared upon my enemy with its glittering eyes. The man stood like one transfixed, and the ladle, with which he had aimed a blow at me, now hung in the air, like the hand which held it; his mouth was extended, and his cheeks became of a pale yellow, save alone that place which bore the mark which I have already described, and this shone now portentously, like fire. He stood in this manner for some time; at last the ladle fell from his hand, and its falling seemed to rouse him from his stupor. "I say, wifelkin," said he, in a faltering tone, "did you ever see the like of this here?" But the woman had retreated to the tent, from the entrance of which her loathly face was now thrust, with an expression partly of terror, and partly of curiosity. After gazing some time longer at the viper and myself, the man stooped down and took up the ladle; then, as if somewhat more assured, he moved to the tent, where he entered into conversation with the beldame in a low voice. Of their discourse, though I could hear the greater part of it, I understood not a single word; and I wondered what it could be, for I knew by the sound that it was not French. At last the man, in a somewhat louder tone, appeared to put a

question to the woman, who nodded her head affirmatively, and in a moment or two produced a small stool, which she delivered to him. He placed it on the ground, close by the door of the tent, first rubbing it with his sleeve, as if for the purpose of polishing its surface.—Man. Now, my precious little gentleman, do sit down here by the poor people's tent; we wish to be civil in our slight way. Don't be angry, and say no; but look kindly upon us, and satisfied, my precious little God Almighty.—Woman. Yes, my gorgeous angel, sit down by the poor bodies fire, and eat a sweetmeat. We want to ask you a question or two; only first put that serpent away.—Myself. I can sit down, and bid the serpent go to sleep, that's easy enough; but as for eating a sweetmeat, how can I do that? I have not got one, and where am I to get it?—Woman. Never fear, my tiny tawny, we can give you one, and such as you never ate, I dare say, however far you may have come from. The serpent sunk into its usual resting-place, and I sat down on the stool. The woman opened a box, and took out a strange little basket or hamper, not much larger than a man's fist, and formed of a delicate kind of matting. It was sewed at the top; but, ripping it open with a knife, she held it to me, and I saw, to my surprise, that it contained candied fruits of a dark green hue, tempting enough to one of my age. "There, my tiny," said she; "taste, and tell me how you like them."

We conclude with his sketch of himself as a child:

BORROW AS A CHILD.

So far from being quick and clever like my brother, and able to rival the literary feat which I have recorded of him, many years elapsed before I was able to understand the nature of letters, or to connect them. A lover of nooks and retired corners, I was as a child in the habit of fleeing from society, and of sitting for hours together with my head on my breast. What I was thinking about it would be difficult to say at this distance of time; I remember perfectly well, however, being ever conscious of a peculiar heaviness within me, and, at times, of a strange sensation of fear, which occasionally amounted to horror, and for which I could assign no real cause whatever.

By nature slow of speech, I took no pleasure in conversation, nor in hearing the voices of my fellow-creatures. When people addressed me, I not unfrequently, especially if they were strangers, turned away my head from them, and, if they persisted in their notice, burst into tears, which singularity of behaviour by no means tended to dispose people in my favour. I was as much disliked as my brother was deservedly beloved and admired. My parents, it is true, were always kind to me, and my brother, who was good nature itself, was continually lavishing upon me every mark of affection.

Perhaps, if new books are scarce, we may return for a few more gleanings; but our readers will probably feel with us that the temptation to do so is not very great.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Navy: its Past and Present States, in a Series of Letters. By Rear-Admiral Sir CHARLES NAPIER. Edited by Major-General Sir WILLIAM NAPIER. Darling.

Narratives of Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy between 1793 and 1849. Compiled principally from Official Documents in the Admiralty. By W. O. S. GILLY. With a Preface. By WILLIAM STEPHEN GILLY, D.D., Vicar of Norham, and Canon of Durham. Parker.

(Continued from p. 58.)

This was the catastrophe of *The Drake*, under Captain CHARLES BAKER, off the coast of Newfoundland, on Sunday, June 23, 1822. The ship had struck in the midst of one of the dense fogs peculiar to that coast.

THE WRECK OF "THE DRAKE."

In the meantime, the waves were making heavy breaches over the ship; the crew clung by the ropes on the fore-castle; each succeeding wave threatened them all with destruction, when a tremendous sea lifted her quarter over the rock on which she had at first struck, and carried her close to that on which the boatswain stood. The fore-castle, which up to this time had been the only sheltered part of the ship, was now abandoned for the poop; and as Captain Baker saw no chance of saving the vessel, he determined to remove the people from her if possible. Calling around him his officers and men, he communicated to them his intentions, and pointed out the best means of securing their safety. He then ordered every man to make the best of his way

from the wreck to the rock. Now, for the first time, his orders were not promptly obeyed; all the crew to a man refused to leave the wreck unless Captain Baker would precede them. There was a simultaneous burst of feeling that did honour alike to the commander and the men. To the former, in that he had so gained the affection and respect of his people; and to the latter, inasmuch as they knew how to appreciate such an officer. Never was good discipline displayed in a more conspicuous manner. No argument or entreaty could prevail on Captain Baker to change his resolution. He again directed the men to quit the vessel, calmly observing that his life was the least and last consideration. The men, upon hearing this reiterated command, stepped severally from the poop to the rock with as much order as if they had been leaving a ship under ordinary circumstances. Unhappily, a few of them perished in the attempt; amongst these was Lieutenant Stanly, who, being benumbed with cold, was unable to get a firm footing, and was swept away by the current,—his companions, with every inclination, had not the power to save him; he struggled for a few moments, was dashed with irresistible force against the rocks, and the receding wave engulfed its victim. When he had seen every man clear of the wreck, and not till then, did Captain Baker, join his crew. As soon as they had time to look about them, the ship's company perceived that they were on an insulated rock, separated from the main land by a few fathoms. The rock rose some feet above the level of the sea, but to their horror they perceived that it would be covered at high water. It seemed as if they were rescued from one fearful catastrophe, only to perish by a more cruel and protracted fate. By degrees the fog had partially dispersed, and as the dawn began to break, a dreary prospect was displayed. The haggard countenances and lacerated limbs of the men told the sufferings they had endured, whilst the breakers, which they had only heard before, became distinctly visible. Still the devoted crew, following the example of their commander, uttered no complaint. They were ready to meet death, yet they felt it hard to die without a struggle. The tide was rising rapidly, and if anything was to be done, it must be done instantly. The boatswain, who had never lost hold of the rope, determined at all hazards to make another effort to save his comrades or perish in the attempt. Having caused one end of the rope to be made fast round his body, and committing himself to the protection of the Almighty, he plunged into the sea, and struck out in the direction of the opposite shore. It was an awful moment to those who were left behind; and in breathless suspense they waited the result of the daring attempt. All depended upon the strength of his arm. At one moment he was seen rising on the crest of the wave, at the next he disappeared in the trough of the sea; but, in spite of the raging surf, and of every other obstacle, he reached the shore, and an inspiring cheer announced his safety to his comrades. As soon as he had recovered his breath and strength, he went to the nearest point opposite the rock, and watching his opportunity, he cast one end of the line across to his companions. Fortunately it reached the rock, and was gladly seized, but it proved to be only long enough to allow of one man holding it on the shore, and another on the rock, at arm's length. It may be imagined with what joy this slender means of deliverance was welcomed by all. The tide had made rapid advances; the waves, as if impatient for their prey, threw the white surf aloft, and dashed over the rock. Would that we could do justice to the noble courage and conduct displayed by the crew of *The Drake*. Instead of rushing to the rope, as many would have done under similar circumstances, not a man moved until he was commanded to do so by Captain Baker. Had the slightest hesitation appeared on the part of the commander, or any want of presence of mind in the men, a tumultuous rush would have ensued, the rope held as it was with difficulty by the outstretched hand would inevitably have been lost in the struggle, and then all would have perished. But good order, good discipline, and good feeling triumphed over every selfish fear and natural instinct of self-preservation; and to the honour of British sailors be it recorded, that each individual man of the crew, before he availed himself of the means of rescue, urged his Captain to provide for his own safety first, by leading the way. But Captain Baker turned a deaf ear to every persuasion, and gave but one answer to all—"I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe." In vain the men redoubled their entreaties that he would go; they were of no avail; the intrepid officer was steadfast in his purpose. There was no time for further discussion or delay. One by one the men slipped from the rock upon the rope, and by this assistance forty-four out of fifty succeeded in gaining the opposite shore. Unfortunately amongst the six who remained one was a woman. This poor creature, completely prostrate from the sufferings she had endured, lay stretched upon the cold rock almost lifeless. To desert her was impossible; to convey her to

shore seemed equally impossible. Each moment of delay was fraught with destruction. A brave fellow, in the generosity of despair, when his turn came to quit the rock, took the woman in his arms, grasped the rope, and began the perilous transit. Alas! he was not permitted to gain the desired shore. When he had made about half the distance, the rope parted—not being strong enough to sustain the additional weight and strain, it broke; the seaman and his burthen were seen but for an instant, and then swallowed up in the foaming eddies. With them perished the last means of preservation that remained for Captain Baker and those who were with him on the rock. Their communication with the main land was cut off; the water rose and the surf increased every moment; all hope was gone, and for them a few minutes more must end "life's long voyage." The men on shore tried every means in their power to save them. They tied every handkerchief and available material together to replace the lost rope, but their efforts were fruitless; they could not get length enough to reach the rock. A party was despatched in search of help. They found a farm-house; and while they were in search of a rope, those who stayed to watch the fate of their loved and respected commander and his three companions, saw wave after wave rise higher and higher. At one moment the sufferers disappeared in the foam and spray; the bravest shuddered, and closed his eyes on the scene. Again, as spell-bound, he looked; the wave had receded—they still lived, and rose above the waters. Again and again it was thus; but hope grew fainter and fainter. We can scarcely bring our narrative to an end; tears moisten our page; but the painful sequel must be told. The fatal billow came at last, which bore them from time into eternity. All was over. When the party returned from their inland search not a vestige of the rock, or of those devoted men, was to be seen.

And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.—Campbell.

We feel how inadequate have been our efforts to depict the self-devotion of Captain Baker, and the courage and constancy of his crew. The following letter, addressed to Lieutenant Booth, formerly an officer of *The Drake*, will go farther than any panegyric we can offer, to display the right feeling of the ship's company, and their just appreciation of their brave and faithful commander:—

"Sir,—Your being an old officer of ours in a former ship, and being first lieutenant in H.M. ship *Drake*, leads us to beg that you will have the goodness to represent to our Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the very high sense of gratitude we, the surviving petty officers and crew of his Majesty's late ship *Drake*, feel due to the memory of our late much-lamented and most worthy commander, who, at the moment he saw death staring him in the face on one side, and the certainty of his escape was pointed out to him on the other, most staunchly and frequently refused to attempt procuring his own safety, until every man and boy had been rescued from the impending danger. Indeed, the manliness and fortitude displayed by the late Captain Baker on the melancholy occasion of our wreck was such as was never before heard of. It was not as that of a moment, but his courage was tried for many hours, and his last determination of not crossing from the rock, on which he was every moment in danger of being washed away, was made with more firmness, if possible, than the first. In fact, during the whole business he proved himself to be a man whose name and last conduct ought ever to be held in the highest estimation by a crew who feel it their duty to ask from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that, which they otherwise have not the means of obtaining, that is, a public and lasting record of the lion-hearted, generous, and very unexampled way in which our late noble commander sacrificed his life in the evening of the 23rd of June!"

The above letter was signed by the surviving crew of *The Drake*. We need not add that their request was complied with, and a monument erected to the memory of Captain Baker, in the chapel of the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth.

We conclude with a single passage from Sir C. NAPIER:

THE CAUSE OF NAVAL DEFICIENCY.

The whole mischief proceeds from the constitution of the Board of Admiralty. What Sir George Cockburn, Sir George Clerk, and I believe Sir Byam Martin, foretold, has come to pass. There is no responsibility whatever; for the responsibility of six gentlemen, composing the Board of Admiralty, is not worth a straw. May I ask your Lordship, who is responsible for the millions of money thrown away in building an inefficient steam navy?—who is responsible for the iron steam fleet, that the Admiralty do not know what to do with? It was only the other day that raising a tank, and the damage under it, in one of those precious vessels,

they found a hole in her bottom, through which the water passed, and a fish with it, on which, if I am not mistaken, one of their lordships breakfasted. Who is responsible for, I believe, four pair of engines, that they do not know what to do with, and pay annually for taking care of? Who is responsible for all the bad ships that have been built and broken up in the last fifty years? How comes it, that the best two-decked ships we have, are copies from the French? Who is responsible for all the cutting and carving of ships' bows and sterns, for turning four line-of-battle ships and as many frigates, into screws, before trying one, three of which, after three or four years' bungling, and an enormous expense, are now ready; the rest were suspended by the present Board, though "Beta," who writes in one of the morning papers, and whom I shall reply to by-and-by, regrets they were not all brought forward. If I am not mistaken, he will turn out to be one who had a considerable hand in these ships, and in the construction of the iron fleet. Who is responsible for allowing so many ships to be built after the plan of the late surveyor, which is now abandoned? Either his plan is good or bad. If bad, why were so many ships built after it? If good, why is it discontinued? Why were the ships laid down by the late surveyor, and not too far advanced, pulled to pieces, to be built after another plan? Who is responsible for carrying on the construction of some of these ships (ordered to be stopped) till too late to alter them? Absolutely nobody; the greater part of the individuals composing the different Boards are dispersed, some dead, some out of political life, few left of so great a multitude. Had the First Lord of the Admiralty been a naval officer, the country would have fixed the responsibility on him,—he could not escape; but it would be unjust to throw the blame on a civilian, who does not know whether a butcher's tray, or a washing-tub is, the best form for a man-of-war.

The Island World of the Pacific: being the personal narrative and results of travel through the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, and other parts of Polynesia. By Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, with engravings. Harpers. (a)

AN ambitious title for a miscellaneous volume, the chapters of which are evidently thrown together in haste. The book is deficient in dates and in exact description of the writer's position, but we gather that he was one day in a ship *Wales*, at the Falkland Islands, and that he doubled Cape Horn in a very troublous way in the summer season. "Thirty-five mornings and evenings" subsequently from Callao, land us at Oahu, and we thereafter mingle with missionary life and discuss missionary questions—visiting, too, the oft-described volcano of Kilauea. Mr. CHEEVER is evidently an unpractised author. His command of the English language is capricious and uncertain. At one time he plucks a word from the confines of the dictionary, as when he talks of the "etiology" of disease; at another he is confused among every day terms. On a single page we notice these two passages. In the first the metaphorical language which should be reserved to aid thought, adds considerably to its embarrassment, as a sword intended to carve one's way through the world will get between the legs of a novice and overthrow him.

Huge waves are ever breaking over the coral reef that incloses the harbour of Honolulu, and rolling along both sides of the channel till they are lost in deep water inside, but not without infusing a stranger who may be rowing in from a ship outside with the sedative fear of being capsized as he mounts the ridges of those broad-backed rollers.

The prosaic and the poetic get terribly perplexed in the following description of "the frowning craters of Leahi and Puawai."

These once vomited their combustible and fueled entrails upon the plains and into the sea; but they have long since gone to sleep, and "green grow the rushes O" in their concave and smooth basins, where it is to be taken for granted almost every classic visitor at Honolulu has taken lessons as we have in stone-rolling, and scanning Virgil to the sound,

"Quadrupedante patrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

While we are looking for facts and trying to form conclusions, we have constantly through

(a) For this notice of a recent American work we are indebted to the Editor of the *New York Literary World*.

the volume some cheap poetical quotation thrust upon us.

When we have said that Mr. CHEEVER, writing for what is called the religious public, introduces topics and employs a style averse from what is generally considered the usage of polite literature, we have made an end of our reluctant objections to his volume. Not that in the latter case we complain of a writer treating of his pious feelings and emotions, but that the taste of the world prefers having these things rather felt than seen in a man's writings.

Mr. CHEEVER's views, so far as they are presented, confirm the accounts of travellers of the inability of the efforts for Christian civilization to stay the extinction of the native race. The missionary in his arduous labours smoothes the descent and preserves the islands for the white race to come. Mr. CHEEVER's evidence on this point is explicit.

From what one sees who has much to do with their maladies, his conclusion is, that the very national blood is so corrupted, the Hawaiian constitution so deeply, venomously diseased, and the habits of the people such, in their living and intercourse one with another, and with lewd foreigners, that there is little hope of their preservation and perpetuity as a race. Unwilling as a benevolent man feels to admit it, yet must it be acknowledged that all facts and reasonings look that way. Unless there speedily ensue a great change in the habits of the people, unless the youth be kept from early vice and untimely marriages, and the married learn chastity, the race will run out and cease to be.

There are causes at work, which, if they are not soon arrested, will insure national depopulation and decay. Whether it is not even now too late to apply a remedy; whether the national stock is not already so much impaired as to preclude recovery, as in the case of an individual who has ruined himself by his excesses, and whose repentance comes too late, remains to be seen. Certain it is, they are dying off fast, rotten with disease. *Like sheep they are laid in the grave.* They seem to have little or no constitutional stamina to rally against the incursions of their maladies, which are always aggravated, too, by neglect, or the want of proper nourishment and nursing, and frequently by the villanous abuse of native doctors, who give large doses of emetic and drastic medicines, especially the seeds and juice of a certain gourd that has often been known to produce death. What is done for their salvation must be done quickly to be of any avail, or they too will be written among the nations whom the sons of Japheth have dispossessed.

This is the melancholy story of the evils wrought by the pioneers of the white man's civilization. The question has been started of the probability of the continuance of the native races had they not been visited by their corrupt destroyers. Mr. CHEEVER thinks, and with strong presumptions, that the people were already on the decline at the arrival of Capt. Cook. Their own vices and barbarities would have depopulated the islands.

In the remedial influences of the missionary it is complimentary to our writer's candor and judgment that he estimates at a proper value the general influences of civilization as commonly distinguished from Christianity. It is a distinction indeed which should be swallowed up in an indissoluble union of the two; but as it is here made, it applies to schools of reform in cities and elsewhere nearer home than Polynesia.

Almost all the suspensions have been on account of adultery, and the illicit intercourse of the unmarried, some of them under circumstances painfully polluting. The people are yet but half-reclaimed savages; much further advanced in Christianity than civilization; perhaps, indeed, as far Christianized as they can be until their habits of living, sleeping, working, and dressing, are more civilized. School instruction, such as it is, is general; the people are mild and docile in disposition, and can almost all read; the Bible, or a part of it, is, perhaps, in every dwelling; the forms of religion are established, and its saving power felt in a multitude of cases; an excellent system of laws is enforced; old abuses and oppressions corrected. But it is plain that the people are not yet sufficiently disciplined and intellectual for the exhibition of a blameless, spiritual religion; and if a man comes here thinking to find in the recently converted, simple islanders, the brightest trophies of the cross, he will be disappointed. Embracing the Gospel does not at once

make barbarians spiritual, conscientious, or intelligent; nor does it at once release them from the vicious habits of body and mind to which they have been addicted for generations: it is only the necessary initial step of reform.

The picture of the missionary operations is genial, eulogistic, and we doubt not upon the whole correctly stated. What is said of the Roman Catholics is severe; they are represented as the actors of spiritual fraud and the abettors of profligacy. The Protestant missionaries have had a difficult part to enact; but they have assumed their ground, and have kept it. On the map of the world, amidst the darkness of Polynesia, the Hawaiian Islands are illuminated by the light of Christianity.

Of the narrative portions of the volume we select an anecdote or two, with the account of a curious performance in swimming.

A MARRIAGE SCENE.

There occurred a case at a marriage scene, while I was at Kohala, so provokingly droll and amusing, that I can never narrate or call it to mind without laughter. At the Wednesday afternoon meeting, six or seven couples presented themselves together for marriage. Somewhat curious to witness the ceremony, I sat by the minister within the desk. They stood together, opposite, in a line; and when their names were called, and hands were to be locked for responding to the marriage vow, one was found without his mate; and on the pastor's naturally enough asking for her, Oh! said the *sans culottes* bridegroom, with a grave drollery all the more ludicrous for being unmeant, *E hookomo ana i kona kapa komo ma ka puka—She is at the door putting on her frock!* This to tell of his bride before a whole congregation, was more than the officiating minister or his friend could hear and keep their countenances. A few moments elapsed, and Mr. Bond and myself exchanged knowing glances as the just now glossless bride came in from her toilet by the meeting-house door.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF HUDIBRAS.

They have a special liking to shoes that are given to squeaking. This squeak, by the way, the natural creaking of new and dry leather, they seem to think a part of the shoe, and they are willing to pay for it extra; so that the shoemaker who can manufacture the most squeak will be likely to have the largest run of custom among Hawaiians. There was an escaped Botany Bay convict shoemaker in Mr. Bond's district, that married one of his church members, and the natives used to employ him for making squeak.

He was expected one day at Mr. Bond's, and a native who knew it left word to have a pair of shoes made with a squeak. Willing to see how far the man's fondness for squeak would carry him, Mr. Bond asked how much worth of squeak he would have put into his shoes, whether a *hapah's* worth or a *hapahua*, a quarter of a dollar squeak or a half-dollar squeak. The man's love for squeak got the better, I believe, of his love for money, and he concluded to have the largest squeak that Crispin could manufacture, even if it cost as high as a dollar. Now,

As rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses,

we might say of this our Hawaiian knight of the squeak, with a slight accommodation, what Butler did of Sir Hudibras,

From out his soles a squeak did sound
That brought him gazers from around;
But being loth to wear it out,
He therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.

A SWIMMING FEAT.

It was on the same track, by which we have thus gained safely our island home, that a swimming feat was performed, a few years ago, by a native woman in peril, which surpasses all other achievements of the kind on record. When about midway between the outmost points of Hawaii and Kahoolawe, or thirty miles from land on either side, a small island vessel, poorly managed, and leaky (as they generally are), suddenly shifted cargo in a strong wind, plunged bows under, and went down, there being on board between thirty and forty persons, and a part of them in the cabin. This was just after dinner, on Sunday. The natives that happened to be on deck were at once all together in the waves, with no means of escape but their skill in swimming. A Christian man, by the name of Mauae, who had conducted morning worship and a Sabbath service with the people in the forenoon, now called them round him in the water, and implored help from God for all. Then, as a strong current was setting to the north, making it impossible for them to get to

Hawaii, whether they were bound, they all made in different ways for Maui and Kahoolawe.

The captain of the schooner, a foreigner, being unable to swim, was put by his Hawaiian wife on an oar, and they two struck out together for the distant shore; but on Monday morning, having survived the first night, the captain died; and in the afternoon of the same day his wife landed on Kahoolawe. A floating hatchway from the wreck gave a chance for life to a strong young man and his brother; but the latter perished before the daylight of Monday, while the elder reached the island in safety by eight or nine o'clock. A feeble boy, without any support, swam the same distance of nearly thirty miles, and arrived safe to land before any of the others. Mauae and his wife had each secured a covered bucket for a buoy, and three young men kept them company till evening; but all disappeared, one after another, during the night, either by exhaustion, or getting bewildered and turning another way, or by becoming the prey of sharks.

Monday morning the faithful pair were found alone; and the wife's bucket coming to pieces, she swam without anything till afternoon, when Mauae became too weak to go on. The wife stopped and lomiomed him (a kind of shampooing common here) so that he was able to swim again until Kahoolawe was in full view. Soon, however, Mauae grew so weary that he could not even hold to the bucket; and his faithful wife, taking it from him, bade him cling to the long hair of her head, while she still hopefully held on, gradually nearing the shore! Her husband's hands, however, soon slipped from her hair, too weak to keep their hold, and she tried in vain to rouse him to further effort. She endeavoured, according to the native expression, to *hoolana kona manao, to make his hope swim*, to inspire him with confidence by pointing to the land, and telling him to pray to Jesus; but he could only utter a few broken petitions. Putting his arms, therefore, around her own neck, she held them fast on her bosom with one hand, and still swam vigorously with the other until near nightfall, when herself and her now lifeless burden were within a quarter of a mile from the shore. She had now to contend with the raging surf; and finding the body of her husband, which she had borne so long, stone-dead, she reluctantly cast it off, and shortly after reached the land.

But there she was hardly better off than at sea, for long exposure to the brine had so blinded her eyes that it was some time before she could see; her strength was too much spent to travel, and the spot on which she landed was barren lava, on the opposite side of the island to any settlement. Food and water she must find, or die. Providentially she obtained the latter in a rain that had recently fallen, and that was standing for her in the cups of the rocks. Monday night, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday came and went without relief, while she crept on gradually as she could towards the inhabited parts of the island. At last, on Friday morning, when her *manaolana*, her swimming hope that had held its head so long above the waves, was fast sinking with her failing strength, by a gracious providence she discovered a water-melon vine in fruit. Eating one, "her eyes were enlightened," like Jonathan's by the honey; soon after she was found by a party of fishermen, by them cared for and conducted to their village, and the next day transported by canoe to Lahaina, whence the foundered schooner had sailed just one week before.

FICTION.

Eugenie, the Young Laundress of the Bastille.
By MARIN DE LA VOYE. In 3 vols. London: Hope and Co. 1851.

WE are not informed whether the author of this clever novel is a Frenchman long resident in England, or if he merely inherits a French name, but certain it is that he writes English like a native, and is familiar with our habits, manners and national character. He possesses, also, an intimate knowledge of France and the French, so that, when he takes us through the various scenes of Parisian life, we feel that our guide is not imparting information gathered from books or report, but is pouring out the plentiful stores of his own personal experiences.

Yet there is nothing of the style of a French author about him. He is more thoroughly English than the majority of our own novelists. True, he throws in a considerable quantity of French phrases, as is the fashion with the would-be fashionable novelists of our own country, so that many of the dialogues form a curious mosaic; but then this is done in the true English manner, and we have none of

the brisk fire of talk that makes the French novels so sparkling and so readable. Altogether, he has mystified us as to his personality.

But of his production we are bound to speak with respect. It is far above the common level, whether as regards its invention or its composition. The scene is laid at the close of the seventeenth century, when the Bastille was strong and supposed to be impregnable, and within its walls were horrors accumulated such as the imagination sickens to portray. In painting this terrible abode of innocence as well as of guilt, of the victim as of the criminal, the author has put forth his powers of description, which are by no means inconsiderable, and, through the agency of his heroine, he introduces us to some of its terrible secrets, carrying on within its gloomy walls a romance which has been interwoven, with great art, with the history of princes and nobles, and the doings of churchmen, who revel, and rejoice, and intrigue, regardless of the tragedies that are daily enacting so near them, and forgetful of their victims dying by slow tortures and cursing them with their last breaths. The heroine, EUGENIE, is the good spirit of these infernal regions, and she is drawn with delicacy, a difficult task when it was the requirement to place and preserve a model of purity and humanity amid scenes that would be likely to poison both.

To the circulating libraries this will be a welcome novel, because it is one of those which the majority of their patrons most love to devour. It is exciting; it has a great deal of the mysterious and the terrible, and often makes the flesh creep and the blood curdle.

Tried as a work of high art, it has no claims to an enduring place in the library of fiction. It will not please fastidious readers. It is not of the best class, although it is one of the best of its class; but to the multitude of novel readers—the mere seekers after pastime, it will recommend itself by ministering precisely what they require. Probably the author aspires to nothing more.

Warkworth Castle. A Historical Romance. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1851.

WOULD it not be possible to cast an historical romance in a new mould? The world begins to be weary of the old stereotyped form—the same beginnings and endings, the same combinations of heroism and cowardice, exalted virtue and depravity, beauty and ugliness, youth and age, fortune and misfortune, always going in pairs for the sake of contrast, and passing through very nearly the same series of adventures, inasmuch that, given the country and the age, and a practised novel-reader or experienced reviewer could describe to you, with wonderful correctness, the outlines of the story, although he had not read a page of it. Then the style of the composition is the same always and everywhere. There is a conventional form of dialogue—certain phrases prevail in all—men and women talk as they are not found to talk in real life, and as no records of history give us warrant to suppose that they ever did talk. But although there is the affectation of an imaginary antique in the language, the ideas, such as they are, will be found, when divested of their costume, to be thoroughly modern. The people of three or four centuries ago did not and could not have had such ideas as their resuscitators cause to issue from their lips. Then, again, we have a certain proportion of the marvellous mixed up in every such work. Things impossible, according to all present experience, are as familiar as morning or evening. People travel hundreds of miles in a few hours, to appear at a particular place at a particular moment, when their presence rescues virtue from villany, not of design, but by pure accident. If something is to be disclosed to somebody under the strictest vows of secrecy, some other auditor is sure to be eaves-dropping, always by chance, who makes known the contemplated crime. Everything happens just as

in real life it would *not* happen, and ends as, in this variegated world, things very seldom do turn out.

Now all this is very amusing to tyros in the pleasures of novel reading. It will absorb their attention once, twice or thrice; but when they find that all historical romances are so much alike, they begin to weary of them. So do we, who are compelled by our critical duties to examine so many in the course of a year. We have a longing for something new—some fresh device, we care not what, so that it departs from the beaten track. We should like an historical romance that just reversed the existing formula. Let some young writer, desirous of fame, make the attempt. He has but one rule to observe—to do just the reverse of what he would have done had he followed the fashion. Let him not consider how others have composed their romances, except as finger-posts, to show him how *not* to compose his. There is no such type in nature as the romancers give us. Why not try to produce a new one that might be natural? *Verb. sap.*

Warkworth Castle is in the precise manner of its predecessors—neither better nor worse. It is upon the most approved models of the Historical Romance. A legend of that famous stronghold has been taken for the foundation of the story, but the author has freely exercised his imagination upon it, and with the help of suggestions from Mrs. RADCLIFFE, *et id genus omne*, has constructed a story that possesses all the interest which the materials of romance, even if rudely put together, seldom fail to excite in the minds of the young and imaginative. It is thoroughly a romance, and as such not inferior to most of its tribe, nay, far above the average. So long as the old model form is preserved, the author of this one is not particularly to be blamed for adhering to it. But we think we can espy capacities for better things, and we recommend him to make an attempt to give us an historical romance in quite a new form, taking nature for his guide, and we promise for it a kindly reception and encouragement, and the overlooking of many defects, in consideration of the novelty of the design.

A JAPANESE NOVEL.

THE first translation into English of a real Japanese novel has just made its appearance in America. The following interesting preface to the work by the translator describes its history. It is from the pen of Mr. WORTHINGTON G. SNETHEN, of Washington city:

THE SIX FOLDING SCREENS OF LIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

Some time in the month of November of last year, Mr. Aaron Haight Palmer of New York, one of our most celebrated Orientalists, called my attention to a fac-simile reprint, in Vienna, by Doctor August Pfitzmaier, of a Japanese novel, and a translation of it by the doctor into German. I determined at once to lose no time in procuring so curious a book; but, owing to other engagements, I did not order it until some time in March last, when, through the polite attention of the Messrs. Westerman of New York, I received a copy of the work from Vienna, within six weeks after the order was given.

The book is a large octavo, in a paper cover.

The German part of it occupies fifty-four pages, forty of which are closely printed with a clear long primer Roman letter. The Japanese part of it, beginning at what we call the end of the book and going to the left, consists of eighty-four pages. The Japanese text, as well as the German, is printed only on one side of the sheet or leaf, which is of the finest and thinnest description of paper, made in imitation of that manufactured in Japan. Every sheet is double, being open at each end and folded on the long or front edge, which is never cut, so that the book is just like an ordinary one with every two leaves nuent along the long edge, but open at both ends, and with the text upon the first and fourth pages only, the second and third being blank.

There are in the Japanese part about fifty-seven woodcuts, exceedingly well executed, and printed in India-ink. They represent the various personages mentioned in the novel, and illustrate the different scenes in the story. The style in which they are done would indicate that the Japanese are not much, if any, behind the

European nations in the art of illustrating upon wood the quiet scenes of life in all their phases. While, however, they combine with remarkable skill, they have not made so great a progress in the art of transferring to paper correct likenesses of the human face. They are generally successful in perspective, though they frequently violate its rules, more perhaps from ignorance than from design. It is to be regretted that fac-similes of these woodcuts could not have accompanied this translation, but the expense of getting them up would have been too great to justify the undertaking.

The language and character in which this novel is written, are those used by the people of Japan at large. The character is beautiful and flowing, and is written in perpendicular lines, beginning at the top and on the right-hand edge of the sheet. Where, in this edition, they are not interrupted by the woodcuts, they descend the page about half-way, and after going across it to the left in this manner, they recommence on the right-hand edge of the page, just below where the first line terminated, and descending to the bottom of it pursue the same course across it. The space between the upper and lower half of the page, which, in this edition, is entirely occupied by the written characters, is about the tenth part of an inch, and lies across the page in a slightly curved form. There are marks at the head and end of each beginning and closing line to direct the reader in his progress,—a species of catch-words or signs. The words are separated from each other in writing them down the line by short spaces, as in our own language.

Of the characters used in this novel, and which represent the present spoken language of Japan, there are forty-seven separate and distinct classes, each of which classes is a representative of an elementary sound-sign or sound syllable. To illustrate:—if we take the English word *adversity*, it would be expressed in modern Japanese writing and speaking by the sounds *ad-ver-si-ty*, each of which sounds would have a number of characters, varying according to chirographical, grammatical, and rhetorical position. These forty-seven sounds have, in all, three hundred and five characters to represent them; and the smallest number of characters possessed by any one of these sounds is two, and the greatest number possessed by any one of them is ten. The forms of all these classes of characters are distinct, simple, and easily made.

The Japanese tongue has its separate and distinct styles of written language, in the same manner as the European languages have; and their standard writers, in these several styles, are as distinguished as those of Great Britain and the United States are, in the same styles. The style of the present novel is like that used by the novelists of the present day in Europe—easy, familiar, flowing, colloquial, and even running occasionally into the poetical. Indeed, in Japanese as well as in English novel-writing, the greatest license is permitted. The novel before us, however, is, like the productions of modern European and American novelists, written for the million and not for the few.

The author, it will be seen by reference to his preface, calls himself Riutei Tanefiko. We know, at present, nothing more of him. It is possible that further explorations of Japanese novel literature may bring to light more of his compositions. Without stopping to offer any laboured criticism upon this production of his pen, a duty that belongs rather to the reader than to the translator, I think it will be admitted on all hands that there is a pleasing vein of cheerfulness running through his whole work, and that he looks rather upon the bright than the dark side of human nature. The sentiments he puts into the mouths of his characters, with the exception of that part of the story which seeks, in unison with Japanese ideas, to justify suicide, would not be unworthy of the Christian himself. It will be seen that in the development of the feelings of the persons brought upon the scene, and of their appreciation of right and horror of wrong, human nature in Japan is the same as human nature among the western nations. The anger of Tamontara, at the trifling disobedience of his servant, is in complete harmony with Japanese ideas of the relation of master and servant; a relation that, like every other relation in that country, is founded upon the rigid observance of the most rigid laws. There will be many passages in the work which will be somewhat obscure to the reader, at first blush; but it will only be necessary for him to remember that he is reading a Japanese book, and every obscurity will vanish. Things in Japan, so far as we are informed from other authentic sources, are precisely as this author represents them; and I have no doubt whatever but that this novel is a faithful picture of manners, thoughts, things, and people in Japan, so far as it goes. In this point of view alone, it is a valuable book.

The German translation of Doctor August Pfitzmaier is bold and vigorous, though it savors rather more than is agreeable of the Latin style peculiar to most German savans. The difficulties he had to labour under in rendering this remarkable romance of a remarkable people,

into German, are well described in his preface, which I have translated for the information of the reader, and to which his especial attention is invited. The Doctor is a self-made man, and has attained a wide-spread and a merited fame as an Oriental scholar. The philological world looks with the deepest interest to his future labours, in unlocking the prison-house of Japanese literature, and scattering its treasures throughout Christendom, in the rich and glorious tongue of the Fatherland. I design following up this, my first labour, in clothing the thoughts of this Japanese writer in the language "consecrated to human freedom"—the language of the American Union—with translations of other Japanese works, still more interesting, and I trust that this essay will not be without its effect in rousing the attention of other American orientalists to Japanese literature. I believe the time is not far distant, if indeed it is not at hand, when the people of the United States will be brought in direct contact with the people of Japan, through the wonderful instrumentality of our golden California; and then it will be an every-day occurrence for our people to acquire the Japanese language, and for the people of Japan to acquire ours. And it may be, that before Dr. Pfitzmaier shall have finished the second volume of his Japanese Chrestomathy, of which this novel is the first, or at all events before his Japanese Library shall reach its sixth volume, that the American bookseller will announce the appearance, in English, of some Japanese Walter Scott or Washington Irving, of some Japanese Maria Edgeworth or Fredrika Bremer, translated by the American mind, whose enterprise is even now stretching the lines of commerce from San Francisco to Jeddo, and preparing through this peaceful agency to release Japan from her self-forged chains, in despite of herself.

The reader who may be desirous of extending his knowledge of Japanese literature, will find the latest authentic information on this head in Aaron Haight Palmer's Paper, entitled "A comprehensive View of the Maritime Nations of the East," recently submitted to Congress by the Secretary of State, and about to be printed by order of that body. All the facts respecting the polity, commerce, and literature of Japan, that have been developed by the recent labours of Von Siebold, Hoffman, Pfitzmaier, and others, are gathered under one head, by the master-hand of Mr. Palmer.

WORTHINGTON G. SNETHEN.

Washington City, D. C., July, 1850.

The Daughter of Night; a Story of the Present Time. By S. W. FULLOM. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1851.

PUBLISHERS know how much of the success of a novel, which has not the recommendation of a name already famous, depends upon a *taking* title. Mr. FULLOM has been singularly happy in the choice of his. *The Daughter of Night* at once attracts the eye and provokes curiosity: there is about it something of the mysterious and the romantic. It sets the imagination to work, conjuring up the possible meanings that might attach to a being so designated. Our first inclination, upon reading the title-page, was to anticipate a revival of the thorough-going romance which was the delight and terror of our children, such an affinity did the name bear to many whose memories were still strong upon us, and which received their designations with express purpose to create an impression of awe before a page was perused. But from this most unpleasant anticipation of mediæval wonderments, mysteries, and terrors, we were as suddenly awakened by the unromantic explanatory addition, a *Story of the Present Time*. There was then manifestly a conflict of profession. The second part of the title-page belied the promise of the first. What *Daughter of Night* prowls about the world in these matter-of-fact days? Whence were to come the caves, the castles, the dungeons, the daggers, the spectres, the monks, the private doors, and secret passages, the Herculean combats, the ravishments, the revenges, the all-conquering knights, and the damsels, defying weather to listen to their extemporaneous songs, all of which were implied in the adventures of a *Daughter of Night*. Our critical curiosity was now awakened; we were desirous to learn how Mr. FULLOM would contrive to reconcile the necessities of such a story with the requirements of that very unpleasant present, which will intrude its realities, as if for the very purpose of disturbing the fancies of imaginative young

gentlemen and ladies, and prohibiting them from having the world and its inhabitants moulded to their own dreams.

Now it is to the credit of Mr. FULLON's ingenuity that he has contrived, to a great extent, to reconcile the double and seemingly opposite requirements of his title-page. He has constructed a great deal of true romance out of the present state of society. Certainly he has taken some liberties with it, and coloured it a little according to his own views, or rather wants; he has not represented life precisely as it is, but he has only availed himself in this of his privilege of authorcraft, and he has not trespassed beyond bounds, so far as people have done who have made professions of painting after nature and produced only caricatures. Mr. FULLON does not profess so much. He romances, but romance is his design; it is his forte; he is essentially melo-dramatic; he has a fertile invention; he can give to the impossible an air of probability; he is clever at situations and surprises; his dialogues are vigorous; he draws rough and rude, but telling, sketches of character, and calls up places and scenes palpably before the mind's eye. Doubtless he would be a successful writer of melo-drama for the stage; his whole manner is dramatic.

But who is the *Daughter of Night*? asks the reader. We are half inclined not to gratify your curiosity, but send you to the book for an explanation. However, not to keep you in perplexity, thus far we may reveal to you: that the *Daughter of Night*, who figures as a heroine in a tale of the 19th century, is a trapper in a coal-mine. Born in that region of night; passing there her earliest years; driven out of it by an explosion; taken to the house of a neighbouring Squire, who is fascinated by her beauty, and endeavours to seduce her and escaping from this peril. Through a coil of circumstances, to be sought in the story, MILLICENT (that is her name), is educated and introduced into the great world of fashion and nobility, her origin known to everybody, yet by her beauty and accomplishments bringing everybody to her feet. How from this high estate she falls, in position only, not in virtue, and is again thrown friendless upon the world, dependent upon her own energies for subsistence, and becomes an object of charity even in the poor region of Spitalfields, and how, after a series of trials, which only serve to make her merit more conspicuous, and to interest the reader in her fate, virtue is rewarded and she is restored to the society for which she had been educated, and marries Lord CHILDERS, and becomes "my Lady," and of course is happy ever after, as is the fate of all heroines of a novel—this will the reader find if he will send to his circulating library.

As it ever is with novels of this class, its most interesting and effective portions are those which depict the stern realities of the existences of the Coal Miners and the Spitalfield Weavers. Here the author has nothing to do but to describe them faithfully: the novelty of the scenes, and the strongly-marked characters that move in them, are felt by the reader to be true, and create the sympathy which is always excited by the *quicquid agunt homines*. He is least effective, least amusing, when he moves among the abodes of the aristocracy, to which, as everybody knows, an author not belonging to them by birth has no other than an occasional admittance, when they are seen in state, and not in their true aspects. Hence it is that a novelist, not being himself one of the great, can only depict the life and manners of the great from hearsay or from imagination, and both are constantly discovered by the spectator to be wanting in reality, and consequently tame and unattractive. It would be wise in young novelists to bear this in mind, and not to introduce classes of whom they cannot have any personal knowledge. It is the principal defect in Mr. FULLON's story, and with his great powers he would certainly have made it far more interesting if, instead of sending his *Daughter of Night* to fashionable

regions, he had transferred her to some respectable family of the middle class, whose members and their sayings and doings he might have painted from the life, and therefore, to the life.

With this exception, which is an error common to the majority of our novelists, and the total absence of which constituted one of the most remarkable characteristics, and one of the principal causes of the enjoyment experienced by every reader in his perusal, of *Anne Dysart*, Mr. FULLON has established for himself a position by his first work, which he cannot fail to advance by experience, and by giving attention to the hints which he will receive from those of the reviewers, unfortunately too few, who are impartial. He possesses more than average powers; they require but cultivation to make him eminent.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Some Account of the Life and Adventures of Sir Reginald Mohun, Baronet: done in verse by GEORGE JOHN CAYLEY. Cantos 2 and 3. London: Pickering. 1850.

THE first Canto of *Sir Reginald Mohun* had our cordial recognition. We perceived in it lively freshness, a pleasant flow of narration, a quick ingenious habit of looking at men and things, and a gentlemanly spirit.

We find no diminution of these good qualities in the new cantos. But different modes of the same thing may be almost, if not quite, as unlike as opposites. The man of spontaneous wit will be always agreeable; but the professed joker is a bore; nor will a "Joe Miller" story bear to be portioned out into chapters. Sprightliness prepense, joviality bottled up for occasion, and which then insists on never being "let stand," is more wearisome than may be said. Literature, indeed, claims some exemption in this respect. It is not like the inevitable "Jawkins" who will spoil your dinners for you, without escape. The book is there ready to fall in with your humour, and silent again at will.

But, if we admit that some exceptional books may fitly be lively throughout, and that some poems may start on the system of racy commonplace, with the prosaic view of nature as their aim, we find too that the writer incurs a stringent obligation, often violated—to the disregard of which the *vivâ voce* wit has no temptation. He will not speak out of character,—will not pass from the trivial to the grandiloquent; whereas the poet who adopts an ordinary conversational tone is sure to arrive at some point where he holds it incumbent to don the laurel, and exhibit the poet-soul from the tripod. As he who sets the dinner-table in a rear is doubtless of but average brilliancy at his own breakfast-table, so the poet will, sooner or later, drop the Beppo costume, and revert to the forms in use among the mass of his fellows. And here is his severest test. If he be not a thorough artist, he will be apt to take a hint from the stage, where a lady who has rouged for the first four acts, and fascinated you with her glances and imitation-jewels, whitens her face and lets down her hair for the fifth, and makes her *entrée* in a sheet. Byron did not fall into this mistake. The poetical passages of *Don Juan* are of his best; and, however fair may be the objections to his wanton Mephistophilism, the two orders of treatment, the witty or satirical, and the poetic, are not of necessity antagonistic in his hands. But Mr. CAYLEY, when he purposes sentiment, is wide of his mark; untrue to nature and to himself. His style of speech in such cases is radically wrong; and, coming after the conventional phrases and anti-poetic tendency of preceding situations, is its own *reductio ad absurdum*. We take a specimen. SIR REGINALD's promised bride, the lady AGNES, appears to be a person of ordinary clay (of the aristocratic stratum, of course,—a very different thing, as Mr. CAYLEY holds, from the vulgar "tertiary formation");

but, in Canto 3, she dies, and perorates after this fashion:—

Yet not in vain our earthly love hath been,
Mere leaf-buds blighted by a frost in May:
The Beautiful is Memory's evergreen,
Still blossoming when wintry brows are grey:
And often, when long years have rolled away,
Its light shall strike you as a star—between
The wind-rent rout of cloud-land swiftly driven
Across the darkened canopy of heaven.

For pleasure is the aim and end of things,
Eternal Love's fulfilment. Grief and pain,
(Enjoyment's insect plunderers armed with stings,
Infesting life's fair orchard not in vain),
Teach us to gather wisely, or refrain:
Time's wintry hand strikes down the busy wings;
While the scoured fruit bears seed that re-appears
In the rich aftertime of happier years.

Sir Reginald's farewells conclude thus:

I will not weary thee with more repining:
My grosser earthly thought must jar with thine.
The sunset on those snow-wreathed branches shining
Wakes not the wintry heart of yonder pine:
So beams thy spirit, and so stagnates mine,
Whose winter deepens as thou art declining.
Like baffling winds, my words are vague and vain,
Their purpose writhing on the rack of pain.

Three several images, "all well defined," in a single stanza descriptive of the agony of grief! The bathos follows immediately after:

Enough. The reader shall be spared the rest
Of this distressing business.

Yet, perhaps, this is less a bathos to its high-flown precursor than is that to the simplicity of true sorrow.

Another point on which Mr. CAYLEY will do well to reflect is, that he has spun three cantos out of nothing, and tells his reader at their close that they serve but as a prelude to the true business of the tale:—a perilous method of conciliation. Since "Beppo" amused England, it has become a system with some—(and we might cite DE MUSSET's *Mardoche* and *Namouna* to show that the plan has crossed the Channel)—to adopt non-entity as their poetic stock in trade; like those who, as THACKERAY says, live "on nothing a year." But the prudence of this principle, especially in a poem issued piecemeal, is most questionable. Certainly BYRON did not attempt it in *Don Juan*; for there was an attractive story to resume whenever digression ran to seed; and Mr. CAYLEY will consult his prospects of success, as well popular as artistic, in providing himself with something more substantial than the Danaid-cask into which he has hitherto poured his verses. Concerning these, too, (although generally easy and agreeable) Mr. CAYLEY must bear to have his own terms

The twisted coil
Of stanza-knotted rhyme,

quoted against him literally some times: decidedly, there are hardish knots in the line,

Geometry steer Faith's ship o'er Schism's shoals.

The present cantos are so entirely of the same texture as the first that little is left us to say in analysis of their quality. There are the same neatly turned similes, axiomatic sayings, and touches of character and description; from which we cannot do better than extract one or two.

And then she sighed again, as persons will
When they perceive that they are growing old,
And said: "How swiftly, grain by grain, is rolled
Time's hourglass! Thru' the strait neck sifteth still
A momentary present, mounding fast
The little point of the immediate past.
Soon crumbles down each unsubstantial hill,
Merged in the common mass of things that were,
Until the future's upper globe run bare."

Hearts (out of clay created) are mere clods,
Which cultivation first must break and crush,
Or else the crop will not be worth a rush.
Adversity, that sulky plowman, plods,
Cries "Wo!"—and trails the harrow's torturing prods.
Experience drills; tears on the grain must gush.
Last, paces through the harvest bending brown
Stern Death with sweeping scythe, and mows it down.

In the next quotation (spite of a commonplace close), there is a characteristic adaptation of sound to sense—more than Mr. CAYLEY is wont to strive for:

'Twas on a Friday morn. His Lordship's hounds,
As by appointment, met at Nornyth whin.
Hark! to the lash acute of whippers-in
With its sharp echoing yelp. Hark! trampling pounds
The cavalcade; while here and there, glazed thin,
With crackling creak the hol'ow rut resounds.
Hark! to the voice of friends that bid good morn:
Hark! to the huntsman's silver-throated horn.

And there are motion and spirit in this, where REGINALD receives notice of the danger of Lady AGNES:

Sad tidings flashed along those wondrous wires—
Nerves of the living land, whose iron veins
Throb hourly with a pulse of living trains,
Rolling their tide of life. By woods and spires
And towns, thro' tunnelled hills, athwart wide plains,
Came Reginald. Night fell o'er flaring fires
Of a coal-country. And the moon arose
O'er his own hills toward that sad journey's close.

We hope, in the next instalment of *Sir Reginald Mohun*, to find that Mr. CAYLEY has altogether remodelled his notions of style in passages of sentiment; and learned to

Correct his tendency to diffusiveness,

or, at least, to let it lead to something. He has talent abundantly enough to make his poem both good and readable: and he enjoys this great advantage—that, in his subject and manner, he does not trench on the province of any living British poet.

W. M. R.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith. London: Cundall and Co. 1851.

A CHARMING edition of the most charming of our poets, such as would have made poor GOLDSMITH happy for a month could he but have seen himself so adorned. Elegantly printed in a small pocket volume, it is profusely embellished with engravings from original designs by G. ARSOLON, B. FOSTER, JAMES GODWIN, and HARRISON WEIR. Of these woodcuts there are no less than thirty, which embody the very spirit of the poet, and present his thoughts to the eye in luring forms, or mirthful sketches from nature. For presents or for personal use, this volume is a treasure.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

An Inquiry into the Principles of the Distribution of Wealth most conducive to Happiness. By WILLIAM THOMPSON, Author of "Labour Rewarded," &c. A New Edition, by WILLIAM PARKER. London: Orr and Co. 1850.

THERE is no term in our language so much misunderstood and misapplied as "Political Economy." In truth, the sole object of that Science is to ascertain the laws by which the production and distribution of wealth is regulated. It does not pretend to make or mould these laws, more than Astronomy pretends to regulate the motions of the Universe. The investigations are not questions of right or wrong, good or evil, but simply of fact,—how is wealth produced and distributed. Whether it be desirable or otherwise that wealth should be produced; if its natural distribution should be interfered with by human laws, as matters affecting human happiness and the well being of mankind, are not questions of political economy, but of ethics and politics. Yet is it a fashion with many persons to show their hostility to the application of those laws by denying the laws themselves, or rather by abusing the science that investigates them, forgetting that the laws of nature are in no way changed by any recognition or denial of them on the part of philosophers, statesmen, or politicians, and that no amount of abuse will in the slightest degree impede their working.

It is quite time that this error should be abandoned, for a vast amount of valuable eloquence and energy are wasted in the pursuit of it. Instead of abusing Political Economy, which can neither be retarded, nor advanced, nor altered, by any amount of hostility, the objectors should betake themselves to that which is the really debatable ground—how far wealth is desirable, and if there be good moral or political grounds for impeding its accumulation or changing the natural course of its distribution. These are fair questions for discussion with politicians and philosophers, and a great deal is doubtless to be said on both sides, inasmuch that a thinking man may reasonably feel himself in doubt whether wealth be a blessing to a community, and if the welfare of the whole people

might not be advanced by legislative interference, even although the effect of it be, by interference with the natural law of production, to check its progress, or change its direction.

The error we have noticed prevails in this treatise. The author commences with it: his first chapter is an investigation of the principles on which the Distribution of Wealth ought to be founded, instead of starting with an inquiry into the laws by which it is regulated by nature, without a proper understanding which it is obviously impossible to determine what principles should be permitted to interfere with those laws. But Mr. THOMPSON is more rational than many of our modern teachers of the Socialist School. He is inclined to let nature follow her own course; he complains that our legislation interferes with it too much, and his remedy for our worst social evils is to remove the impediments which human laws have imposed upon production and distribution, and so to put an end to artificial inequality. His principle is "Free Labour, entire Use of its Products, and Voluntary Exchanges." But this is precisely what Political Economy shows to be right, and it is for this that Political Economists are just now so much abused by those who advocate what is termed the Organization of Labour, that is to say, the regulation by law of the relationship of employer and employed.

Yet it is strange that, starting with such a principle, Mr. THOMPSON should come to the conclusion that in co-operation lies the secret of social prosperity and happiness. Like all enthusiasts, he is blind when he mounts his hobby, although so clear-sighted before. The fallacy of the co-operative principle lies in this, that it ignores human nature. It would be a very good thing, if it were practicable; but it is not practicable, because men differ in intellect, in tastes, in capacities; because they have passions; because there will be indolent as well as industrious men, honest as well as dishonest, and because the former will never be brought to agree with the latter, or to share with them the fruits of their toil. So long as all men are not alike, the ablest will expect to be better paid than the most ignorant, and most laborious will look for higher pay than the idle, and so long as there is a difference of reward, there will be competition for their procurement. Nature herself has erected an insuperable barrier against the practical applications of the socialist principle of co-operation, benevolent and beautiful as undoubtedly it is in contemplation. Before we can see it realized, men must become angels, and earth heaven; but then it would not be needed.

RELIGION.

The Life of Jesus Christ in its Connection and Historical Development. By AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the Fourth German Edition. By JOHN MCCLINTOCK and CHARLES E. BLUMENTHAL. (Bohn's Standard Library.) London: H. G. Bohn. THE German antidote to the German poison. NEANDER is the antagonist of STRAUSS, and the republication of an excellent American translation of his *Life of Christ*, in a form so cheap as to permit of its very widest diffusion, is a good service done by Mr. BOHN to the cause of Christianity. STRAUSS has been circulated in many forms, has been extensively read, and has exercised no mean influence over the opinions of multitudes, seduced by his plausible sophistries and ingenious fallacies. Here is their refutation to be found, in the most convincing form. Here the truths of Christianity are maintained by fair philosophical argument. Here the appeal is made, not to the prejudices or to the feelings, but to the calm unbiassed reason. Infidelity is met, and fought, and conquered upon its own ground and with its own weapons. NEANDER'S *Life of Christ* is the most triumphant vindication of the Bible that has appeared since the ever famous work of BUTLER.

He takes his stand upon the first principles of our nature: he meets the objectors upon the threshold by denying their fundamental assertion that in argument nothing is to be taken for granted. He contends that, from the very constitution of our human nature, we must start with some recognised truths anterior to argument; there must be a certain degree of faith, founded upon the instincts of our minds. Thus, he wields this argument for the

NECESSITY FOR FAITH.

It has been often said, that in order to true inquiry, we must take nothing for granted. Of late this statement has been reiterated anew, with special reference to the exposition of the *Life of Christ*. At the outset of our work we refuse to meet such a demand. To comply with it is impracticable; the very attempt contradicts the sacred laws of our being. We cannot entirely free ourselves from presuppositions, which are born with our nature, and which attach to the fixed course of progress in which we ourselves are involved. They control our consciousness whether we will or no; and the supposed freedom from them is, in fact, nothing else but the exchange of one set for another. Some of these prepossessions, springing from a higher necessity, founded in the moral order of the universe, and derived from the eternal laws of the Creator, constitute the very ground and support of our nature. From such we must not free ourselves.

But we are ever in peril of exchanging these legitimate sovereignties of our spiritual being, against which nothing but arbitrary will can rebel, for the prepossessions of a self-created or traditional prejudice, which have no other than an arbitrary origin, and which rule by no better title than usurpation. But for this peril, the way of the science of life would be as safe as the way of life itself. Life moves on in the midst of such diversified and ever-commingling prepossessions, especially in our own time, which, torn by contraries (contraries, however, which subserve a higher wisdom by balancing each other), forms the period of transition to a new and better creation. On the one hand we behold efforts to bring the human mind again into bondage to the host of arbitrary prejudices which had long enough enslaved it; and, on the other, we see a justifiable protest against these prejudices running into the extreme of rejecting even those holy prepossessions which ought to rule our spiritual being, and which alone can offer it true freedom.

What, then, is the duty of Science? Must she dismiss all prepossessions, and work out her task by unassisted thought? Far from it. From nothing nothing comes; the Father of spirits alone is a Creator. Empty indeed, is that enthusiasm which seeks only the mere sound of truth—abstract, formal truth. This absolute abnegation of all prepossessions would free the soul from those holy ties by which alone it can connect itself with its source—the source of all truth—and comprehend it by means of its revelations in humanity. The created spirit cannot deny its dependence upon God, the only creative Spirit; and in its obvious destination to apprehend the revelation of God in creation, in nature, and in history. So, the work of science can only be to distinguish the prepossessions which an inward necessity constrains us to recognise, from such as are purely voluntary. Indeed, the healthfulness of our spiritual life depends upon our ridding ourselves of the latter, and, at the same time, yielding in lowliness and singleness of heart to the former, as the law of the Creator, as the means by which light from heaven may be conveyed to our minds. All that the intellect has to do in regard to these last, is to demonstrate their necessity, and to show that our being contradicts itself in rebelling against them.

Having thus laid a secure foundation, he proceeds to apply it with confidence, and then the History of the New Testament is reviewed with a profundity of knowledge, an acuteness of critical skill,—a painstaking investigation of every fact and authority, and employment of the closest reasoning such as is to be found only in the best works of the best German writers, and which will be sought in vain in English literature, because in England we have few students by profession; our habits and tendencies are more to an active than to a contemplative life. How this inborn faith, which he acknowledges, operates upon the argument as to the truth of Christianity, is shown by this passage:

It is shown to be a necessary and not a voluntary prepossession; first, because it satisfies a fundamental want of human nature, a want created by history, and foreshadowing its own fulfilment; and, secondly, because this view of Christ's person arose from the direct im-

pression which his appearance among men made upon the eye-witnesses, and, through them, upon the whole human race. This image of Christ, which has always propagated itself in the consciousness of the Christian Church, originated in, and ever points back to, the revelation of Christ himself, without which, indeed, it could never have arisen. As man's limited intellect could never, without the aid of revelation, have originated the idea of God, so the image of Christ, of which we have spoken, could never have sprung from the consciousness of sinful humanity, but must be regarded as the reflection of the actual life of such a Christ.

From these principles, the nature of the conclusions may be readily understood. But the manner of their application to the facts of the New Testament is so new and so convincing, and withal so interesting, that all who desire to have their faith confirmed should read with attention NEANDER'S *Life of Christ*, and Mr. BOHN has placed it within the means of all by including it in his *Standard Library*.

An Essay on Conciliation in matters of Religion, and on the proper adaptation of Instruction to the character of the Persons taught, with some application of the subject to Missionary Proceedings. (Reprinted from the *Church of England Quarterly Review*, revised, with additional Notes.) By a BENGAL CIVILIAN. Calcutta: R. C. Lepage and Co.

In arguing with any opposed to us, it is of the greatest importance to begin from a principle admitted by both. Such common ground may be found in the laws of human belief, to discuss even with sceptics and heathens; and every judicious minister or missionary will desire, by such lawful means, to gain admittance to the mind and heart of his opponent. The "Bengal Civilian," in this Essay, has set the matter in a clear and convincing light, and, from the aptly-chosen example of St. Paul, the first missionary to the Gentiles, has eloquently urged "conciliation in matters of religion." We thank him for his pamphlet: it is well worthy a perusal by all who, in this controversial age, are called to propagate and defend Divine Truth; but especially by those who devote themselves to the missionary work in foreign lands, where the habits of thought, national manners, language, and religion are all essentially different from their own. The Essay contains little or nothing new; but, being devoted entirely to this subject, is a useful manual, and, being published in India, has peculiar claims to our regard. The "Bengal Civilian," we have reason to believe, is already well-known by several works which he has published for the use of native Christians in India, in the vernacular tongue.

EDUCATION & CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Elementary Anatomy and Physiology for Schools, and Rival Instruction. By WILLIAM LOVETT. London: Darton and Co.

PEOPLE are just beginning to be convinced that there is no knowledge so practically useful in life as that of ourselves; and that if all young persons were systematically taught the elements of anatomy and physiology, they would know better how to cultivate their own health, and the health and happiness of those about them. Mr. LOVETT has undertaken the useful task of providing an elementary treatise on this subject, fitted for study in schools, and he makes a practical application of the facts which he teaches, as to the functions of the human frame, to Diet, Intoxicating Drinks, Tobacco, and Disease.

We should like to see this volume taught in every school, and read in every house. The next generation would be vastly wiser, healthier, happier, and better for it.

We should add that each lesson is followed by a series of examination questions, and engravings illustrate the description, and there is in these nothing to which the most fastidious could object.

Papa and Mamma's Easy Lessons in Geography. By ANNA MARIA SARGEANT. London: Dean and Co.

HERE is another of the few among the many geographies submitted to us, which may really claim to consist of easy lessons intelligible to children, and, to make them still more intelligible, the teachings are profusely illustrated with woodcuts, which make the meanings of the words plain to the comprehension of the child, who is thus instructed at once by the eye and the ear. Miss SARGEANT is doing good service to the rising generation.

The Works of Virgil literally translated into English Prose. By DAVIDSON. A New Edition. London: Washbourne.

WE are of those who think that a foreign language may

be more rapidly and correctly learned by the help of a literal translation, which gives the right meaning at a moment's search, than by the old process of finding out every word in a dictionary, at the loss of some minutes, and, after all, with the chance of the learner lighting upon the wrong one among the many meanings that present themselves. So thinking, we cannot but commend so excellent and literal a translation of Virgil as that before us, and recommend the use of it to those who may coincide with us in opinion as to the wisest method of learning to translate.

The History of Greece. By Miss CORNER. London: Dean and Co.

MISS CORNER'S histories have established themselves in our schools and nurseries. She has the art of writing so as to be understood by youthful readers. Her *History of Greece* is the latest of the series, and quite equal in its peculiar merits to any of its predecessors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bards of the Bible. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh; Hogg. London: Groombridge and Sons.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE like Mr. GILFILLAN'S chapter on the poetry of the Gospels less than any part of the book. It is here that the discrepancy between the commentary and the original work, to which we alluded above, is most severely felt. As narratives and expositions of the life and character of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Gospels are, in their majestic simplicity, unapproachable. As the sublimest poem that has ever lived on earth, the life of our Saviour requires no commentary. His doctrines, indeed, require not to be explained, for he who runs may read, but to be enforced by being brought home to the daily circumstances of our common life, to the peculiar modes of thought and action current at the present day. Christianity is applicable to human nature, as its sole moral restorative, at all times and in all places; but it is the business—a business above all other businesses—of each age and each country, to strive humbly, prayerfully and searchingly, to make this application. It is the business more especially of the preacher. The preacher ought, therefore, to know, not only the Bible, but Man, and Man, not only as he ever has been, and ever will be, while he is a tenant of this corruptible body, but Man as he is modified in this nineteenth century, with all his peculiar hopes and fears, objects and passions, trials and temptations. Something akin to this Mr. GILFILLAN says in his aspirations after a "Paul of the present," whose advent he views "as the great problem of the present time."

To have our mental progress reconciled with Christianity, not only by such an elaborate system as Coleridge died in building, but also by a living synthesis, a breathing bridge,—the new Chalmers of the new time, forming in himself the herald of the mightier one, whose sandals even he shall be unworthy to unloose: this is what the wiser of Christians, and the more devout of philosophers, are at present longing and panting to see.

Would, indeed, that he were come! But we spoke not above of the necessity or advantage of bringing conviction to the intellectual mind of the age, but of enunciating that "form of godliness" which so many, in a certain sense, sincerely profess, with the "power" which will force its way into every ramification of personal and social life. From a long and interesting chapter on the Apostle Paul, we have only room for one extract. It very accurately characterises one of his most distinguishing traits:

Paul's politeness, too, must not be overlooked, compounded as it was of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of the manner in which he delivered his most startling messages, both to Jews and heathens; in his peaceful salutations; in his winning reproofs; the "excellent oil which did not break the head;" in the delivery of his allusions to his own claims and services; and, above all, in the calm, self-possessed, and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his

people, and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and John to their judges there is an abruptness savouring of their rude fisherman life, and fitter for the rough echoes of the Lake of Galilee than for the tribunals of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunder-bolt before his adversary ere he launches it. His shaft is "polished" as well as powerful. His words to King Agrippa—"I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds"—are the most chivalric utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully, or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy. And certain we are, that had his sermon before Felix been preserved, it had been a new evidence of his perfect politeness. No Nathan or John Knox-like downright directings in it. In his captive circumstances this had been offensive. No saying, in so many words, "Thou art the man," (no pointing even with his finger, or significant glance of his eye); but a grave, calm, impersonal argument on "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," which, as it "sounded on its way," sounded the very soul of the governor, and made him tremble as if a cold hand from above had been suddenly laid on his heart. Paul's sermon he felt to the core, trembled at, and shrank from, but no more resented than if he had read it in the pages of a dead author. Paul's eye might have increased his tremor, but could no more have excited his wrath than those eyes in pictures, which seem to follow our every motion, and to lead our very soul,—excite us to resentment or reprisal. And here, again, we notice a quality fitting Paul to be the Apostle of the West. Having to stand before governors and kings, and the emperor himself, he must be able to stand with dignity, or with dignity to fall.

Mr. GILFILLAN thus truthfully and poetically describes the Scripture Idea of the Universe:

There are three methods of contemplating the universe. These are the material, the shadowy, and the mediatorial. The materialist looks upon it as the only reality. It is a vast solid fact, for ever burning and rolling around, below and above him. The idealist, on the contrary, regards it as a shadow, a mode of mind, an infinite projection of his own thought. The man who stands between the two extremes, looks on nature as a great but not ultimate or everlasting scheme of mediation or compromise between pure and absolute spirit and the incarnate soul of man. To the materialist there is an altar, the lighted, heaven-high, but no God. To the idealist there is a God, but no altar. He who holds the theory of mediation has the Great Spirit as his God, and the universe as the altar on which he presents the gift of his worship or poetic praise. * * * The most magnificent objects in nature are but the mirrors to God's face, the scaffolding to his future purposes; and like mirrors are to wax dim, and like scaffolding to be removed. The great sheet is to be received up again into heaven. The heavens and the earth are to pass away, and to be succeeded, if not by a purely mental economy, yet by one of a more spiritual materialism, compared to which the former shall be no more remembered, neither come into mind. * * * A milder day is to dawn on the universe; the refinement is to keep pace with the elevation of mind. Evil and sin are to be banished to some Siberia of space. The word of the poet is to be fulfilled—"and one eternal spring encircles all!" The mediatorial purpose of creation, fully subserved, is to be abandoned, that we may see "eye to eye," and that God may be "all in all." Such views of matter—its present ministry, the source of its beauty and glory, and its future destiny are found in the pages of both testaments. Their writers have their eyes anointed, to see that they are standing in the midst of a temple—they hear in every breeze and ocean-billow the sound of a temple service—and feel that the ritual and its recipient throw the shadows of their greatness upon every stone in the corners of the edifice, and upon every eif crawling along its floors. Reversing the miracle, they see "trees as men walking," hear the speechless sing, and in the beautiful thought of our noble and gifted "Roman," catch on their ears the fragment of a "divine soliloquy," filling up the pauses in a universal anthem. And while rejecting the Pagan fable of absorption into the Deity, and asserting the immortality of the individual soul, they are not blind to the transient character of material things. They see afar off the spectacle of nature retiring before God—the light toys of this nursery—sun, moon, earth, and stars—put away, like childish things, the symbols of the infinite lost in the Infinite itself. The "heavens shall vanish like smoke; the heavens shall be dissolved; the earth shall be removed like a cottage; the elements shall melt with fervent heat." Nowhere in Pagan or mystic epic, dream, dreamy, or didactic poem, can we find a catastrophe at once so philosophical and so poetical as this.

Mr. GILFILLAN concludes his volume by a conjectural chapter on the future destiny of the Bible, in which he develops views on the Millennium, and the nature of the second Advent, which, long rejected by the greater part of the religious world, seems now to be gaining ground. To comment upon those views would be as much out of place here, as to dogmatize upon them is out of place anywhere. And we must do Mr. GILFILLAN the justice to say that, while holding fast by "the Book," he never dogmatizes. The work throughout is written in a thoroughly catholic tone, and, for this reason, as well as for others we have already specified, we again commend it to our readers. The author thus concludes:

If we have, in the volume now concluded, taught one man to love the Bible more, or one to hate it less, if we have stumbled but one on his dreary way to the wrong side of the great Armageddon valley, or have cheered but one spirit that was trembling for the ark of God—if we have but cast one new ray of the feeling of the Bible's surpassing truth and beauty across the minds of the literary public, or expressed but a title of our own youth-implanted and deep-cherished convictions and emotions on the surpassing theme, then, with all its deficiencies, this volume has not been written in vain.

We think that Mr. GILFILLAN may rejoice in the hope that he has done all this.

The Royal Pardon Vindicated, in a Review of the Case between Mr. W. H. Barber and the Incorporated Law Society. By Sir GEORGE STEPHEN, Barrister-at-Law. London: Crookford.

In this most interesting pamphlet, Sir GEORGE STEPHEN has achieved that which, we believe, he never proposed to himself. Whilst vindicating, by the nicest and most delicate examination of evidence, the innocence of Mr. BARBER, and the consequent propriety of the Royal Pardon, the author has unconsciously invested his work with an interest only to be found in the ingenious plot of exciting works of imagination. The natural delight which all minds, cultivated or not, seem to take in weighing circumstantial evidence in cases of mystery, will therefore secure numerous readers of this pamphlet, should it even fail to secure them upon higher and worthier grounds.

The author, both by argument and illustration, derived from analogous interesting cases, shows that Mr. BARBER was convicted upon evidence of conduct, precisely such as any other attorney would have observed under similar circumstances. Sir GEORGE's great experience in the profession enables him to treat this part of the case in a very effective manner; to our mind most satisfactorily, exculpating Mr. BARBER not only from guilt, but even from any charge of imprudence, or of neglect. But Sir GEORGE does not stop here. However tenderly, so far as mere phraseology is concerned, he may treat the prosecutors in this case, he does apparently, because he could not help it, very clearly show two things; first, that the bank authorities were, at any rate, most negligent in allowing a portion only of an alleged testator's funds to be withdrawn from the bank coffers, though no explanation was given or required as to why the testator was still alive, quoad the residue of the same funds; and, secondly, Sir GEORGE convicts the prosecutors of disingenuousness at least (the mildest term we can employ) in purposely keeping Mr. BARBER's partner out of the box after having subpoenaed him, and yet demanding at the trial why Mr. BARBER did not call his partner. Since the trial, and only very lately, it has transpired that Mr. BARBER did his utmost to subpoena his partner, but that the latter could not be found by Mr. BARBER's attorney. It is impossible, without exceeding our limits, to go into all the interesting views which have presented themselves to us upon the perusal of this engrossing little shilling's worth; but even as a perfect study upon the subject of circumstantial evidence, apart from every higher consideration of justice to Mr. BARBER, we cordially recommend the pamphlet to the attention of our readers.

The Family Almanack and Educational Register for the year 1851. London: Parker. 1851.

In addition to the usual contents of an Almanack, this one contains a list of the Foundation and Grammar Schools in England and Wales, with an account of the Scholarships and Exhibitions attached to them. It is an extremely valuable collection of statistical information on a subject of general interest, and which we believe cannot be elsewhere obtained in so accessible a form.

THE PAMPHLETEER.

EVERYBODY writes pamphlets and nobody reads them. They are treated with universal neglect, because readers find all that they want to know upon pamphleteering subjects tolerably well treated of in the newspapers, and usually in a much more readable form. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to know what the scribblers who write and print pamphlets are amusing themselves withal, and therefore we purpose to penetrate that *terra incognita* of literature, and, in a distinct department, briefly to make known to our readers, as a matter of intelligence, what the Pamphleteers are doing—usually attempting no more than to state the subjects they treat of; but, if we note in their lucubrations anything peculiarly interesting, curious, new, or clever, we shall extract it for the benefit of our readers, and thus give the writers a far more extended audience than otherwise they could ever hope to acquire.

As might be expected, the most numerous class, at present, is that which professes to discuss the *Popish Aggression*. "A simple Protestant" has published *Reflections arising out of Popish Aggression*. He considers that the prediction published in FLEMING's book, that the year 1848 would be the commencement of the downfall of the Papacy, was the prompting cause of the offensive movement of Rome against our Church.—*The Duty of England, a Protestant Layman's Reply to Cardinal Wiseman's Appeal*, argues very powerfully against the views of the ROEBUCK and COBDEN School, that the establishment of the Popish hierarchy in fact means the hope and design to effect the reconversion of England to the Roman Catholic Church. The subjugation of mind is the object in view, and that object mind must exert itself to defeat. He looks to redoubled efforts for the spread of education, and especially of scientific knowledge, as the surest safeguard against the invasion of a power which can only be strong in the ignorance of a people. This pamphlet is very ably written and will well merit perusal.—The Rev. T. P. SMITH has addressed a letter to his parishioners on *The Catholic Church in England*. It contends that the Roman Catholics are schismatics, not the Protestants; that we are the original and true church, and the Romish only an impostor.—Mr. H. P. ROCHE, of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister at Law, argues legally that the recent letters apostolical of the Pope are a direct infringement of the Queen's prerogative in respect of the two sees of Shrewsbury and Nottingham, and therefore punishable by statute. He has made a curious discovery in this, for certain it is that, by stat. 26 Henry 8, c. 14, A.D. 1534, Bishop Suffragans were created of these two places, and not being repealed, that statute is still in force, and the appointment of bishops or taking the titles by the same name, is, under the Catholic Relief Act (10 Geo. 4, c. 7, s. 24), subject to a penalty of 100*l.*—Dr. CUMMING's *Notes on the Cardinal's Manifesto* are a very learned review of the subject, almost as much so as was the Premier's on his introduction of the bill. The Earl of St. GERMAINS has published his *Reasons for not Signing an Address to her Majesty*. They are already familiar to every reader of the newspapers, in which they have been widely circulated.—Taking advantage of the excitement, Mr. ADAMS has published a full account of *The Gunpowder Treason*, containing a complete relation of the proceedings against the conspirators, their trials, condemnation, confessions, and execution, &c., with the original preface by the then Lord Bishop of Lincoln. It is a valuable historical document.—An ex-monk, one Mr. S. P. DAY, has put into print an oration delivered by him in John-street, entitled *Romanism the Religion of Terrors*. Like most attacks of converts, it is very bitter against his former faith; but it contains some curious facts, somewhat, perhaps, too highly coloured.

Turning from the great controversy of the time, we take up a few pamphlets on general religious topics. *The Introduction of the English Bible and its Consequences* is a very carefully compiled history of that interesting event, so important to the cause of Christianity. The consequences we witness wherever that Bible has been diffused, and the author concludes by exhorting his readers to make greater efforts now than ever to diffuse it more and more, as the best bulwark against the designs of the Papacy.—*A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury*, by the Bishop of St. DAVID's, is a reply to an attack made by Sir B. HALL, M. P., upon the management of the Church of Brecon. It is purely of local interest. A small tract, reprinted from the works of the late Dr. RYLAND, attempts, in an explanation of *The Book of the Revelations*, to prove that the overthrow of Popery is there predicted.

The next most numerous and important class of pamphlets relates to matters connected with the law and the administration of justice. Of these, and by far the most important for the novelty of his views and the startling character of his conclusions, is a pamphlet by Mr. ADDERLEY, M. P., entitled *Transportation not necessary*. This writer grapples fairly with his subject, and does

not dispute its difficulties; but he contends that transportation is not efficacious as a punishment; that it is fraught with mischief to the colonies; and that the assumed necessity for it might be met by diminishing the number of criminals, by better preventing crime, and by more efficacious secondary punishment, especially the restoration of flogging and other severities, which would render long imprisonments needless. But Mr. ADDERLEY quite leaves out of view that which is the real substantial argument in favour of transportation, namely, what is to be done with criminals after punishment. To turn them into the world at home is to force them to continue crime, because no persons will give employment to a man who comes from a gaol. In the colonies, the criminal is severed from his old associates; he has no temptation to continue a criminal; there is hope for him, and the means of retrieving himself, if he pleases to employ them; and in the majority of cases he does so. This to our mind is a conclusive fact in favour of transportation, outweighing all the objections to it, and which cannot be met by any other argument than by showing how a discharged convict can be protected in like manner at home.—Mr. W. CARPENTER's *Lecture on the Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery*, is a powerful exposure of the abuses of that huge maelstrom of iniquity.—*The Chaplain's Twenty-seventh Report on the Preston House of Correction*, is a satisfactory document, showing what may be done by attention towards, at least, the temporary reformation of criminals. But we confess that we should much like to know what are the after-careers of these people—whether the amendment is permanent, or only a lip-service for present purposes—the professions of virtue by those who are deprived of the power to sin.—F. CALVERT, Esq., M. P., has addressed to Sir George Grey *A Second Letter on certain Laws affecting Agriculture*. In his first letter last year he suggested:

First, that tenants for life should have the power of borrowing money for other permanent improvements as well as for draining. Secondly, that tenants for life should be empowered, under proper safeguards, to sell so much of the settled estates as would be sufficient for the discharge of the settlement-incumbrances. Thirdly, that tenants for life should have general powers of sale and exchange, with a view to the consolidation of estates. Fourthly, that tenants for life should have powers of leasing at rack-rent for twenty-one years. Fifthly, that there should be a register of title.

To these, he now, in this letter, adds three others namely:

First, that the map of Great Britain should be completed on a scale of six inches to the mile: secondly, that tenants for life should have power to lease for twenty-one years, at an uniform rent, with a covenant to lay out during the first three years a definite sum in improvements; and thirdly, that it is expedient to obtain, throughout Great Britain, statistical returns corresponding with those which the Earl of Clarendon has collected since 1847 in Ireland; and I have also touched upon the subject of agricultural education.

The facts and arguments by which those propositions are supported are very convincing.—Mr. W. SMITH, Solicitor, treats of *The Liabilities of Partners*, advocating the French system of partnership, with limited liability. The real obstacle to the adoption of this we take to lie in the difficulty of dealing with existing companies, for it would be extremely unjust to them to permit others to be formed which would rival them by means of superior advantages, given to them by a changed law.—Mr. T. TURNER, Barrister-at-Law, has published some useful suggestions on the *Amendment of the Law of Patents*.

On *Scientific and General* topics the following have come to hand: Mr. C. KNIGHT has put forth *The Case of the Authors as regards the Paper Duty*. He contends that almost all that the excise charges upon paper is really subtracted from the pay of authors, for that is the fund which necessarily is contracted or expanded in all publishing speculations, inasmuch as the other charges are fixed and certain. The argument is thus put and illustrated:

I am publishing at a very low price a book of extensive circulation—*Half Hours with the Best Authors*. I sell 20,000 copies, at the rate of three-halfpence for a sheet of twenty-four octavo pages. I sell at a profit, because, with the exception of my own editorial labour, I have gathered my *Half Hours* from the great storehouse of our national literature. I have invented no copyright; in the comparatively few selections from living writers I have had their permission or their approval in nearly every case: but yet the authorship has not been a charge upon the work. This is one of the cases in which extreme cheapness may subsist with the paper duty. But suppose I were to determine to continue this work, upon the same plan, and at the same price to the public, but engaging original writers for its production, out of my returns I must pay the paper duty, and I must pay the authorship. A single copy of the complete *Half Hours* will weigh 3½ lbs., upon which the duty paid is sixpence, as near as may be. If the paper duty were repealed, I should have a reserved fund of 125*l.* upon a sale of 5,000 copies; of 250*l.* upon a sale of 10,000; and of 500*l.* upon a sale of 20,000.

Does this tax, then, withdraw the amount of the duty from the fund for the payment of authorship, or does it not? The author-fund is the labour-fund. There is no case in which the state oppressively taxes a raw material that it does not in the same degree impoverish the labour-fund. In the case of the continuation of *Half Hours*, that would demand a large payment for copyright, and a large payment for tax, am I answered when I am told to raise the price of the book? If I raise the price of the continuation, as compared with its predecessor that has not paid copyright, I incur the risk—indeed I am certain—greatly to diminish the demand. "The rise of price," says Mr. John Mill, "occasioned by the tax, almost always checks the demand for the commodity; and since there are many improvements in production which, to make them practicable, require a certain extent of demand, such improvements are obstructed, and many of them prevented altogether."

Colonel RAWDON, M. P., has addressed *A Letter to the Trustees of the National Gallery*, advocating the dedication of Kensington Palace to the purposes of a National Gallery. He states all the many reasons that support the removal of the treasures we possess from their present discreditable domicile into country air, and out of the reach of London smoke. The only objection indeed, appears to be, the distance. As a Gallery for any number of pictures that might be purchased or bequeathed it would be the largest and most convenient in England.—Lastly, we have a pamphlet by Mr. NELSON, the Actuary of the Medical and Invalid Assurance Association, on the *Mortality of the Provident Classes in this Country and on the Continent*. The statistics are collected from the most extensive sources. Some of the results are very unexpected and lamentable. Thus, it appears, that the mortality of the class who assure their lives is the same as the general mortality of all lives together, although they are picked lives, while the mortality of the members of provident societies is considerably less than the general mortality, showing how much healthier are the working classes than the wealthier classes. But this treatise will require a more attentive examination than could be given to it by any Literary Journal. We recommend it to the study of all who are interested in Assurance or in Provident Societies.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for February, opens with a Portrait of PEPPY, whose inimitable Diary is now published in so cheap a form. The contents are very interesting, and even more various than usual. Mr. CUNNINGHAM continues his "Story of Nell Gwyn;" there are extracts from "A Pembrokeshire Diary in 1688;" a specimen of Court Gossip in the Twelfth Century; a notice by Mr. COLLIER of the Poetry of THOMAS LODGE, which has somewhat surprised us; he is certainly entitled to more fame than he has yet obtained, as the following specimens will prove:

LOVE.

Love gives the roses of thy lips,
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach, he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.
Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine;
And if I look, the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.
Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth form the same,
And if I tempt it, will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.
Love, let me cull her fairest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers,
And I will praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

And of equal merit is this

SONG.

Pluck the fruit and taste the pleasure,
Youthful lordings of delight;
Whilst occasion gives you leisure,
Feed your fancies and your sight.
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.
Here on earth is nothing stable,
Fortune's changes well are known;
Whilst as youth doth then enable,
Let your seeds of joy be sown.
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.
Feast it freely with your lovers,
Blyth and wanton sweets do fade;
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers
Round about this lonely shade,
Sport it freely, one and one,
After death is pleasure none.
Now the pleasant Spring allureth,
And both place and time invite;
Out, alas! what heart endureth
To disclaim his sweet delight?
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

Several new books are reviewed, the Notes of the Month are numerous, there is a good collection of Literary

and Scientific Intelligence, and the usual valuable Obituary. We cite the following remarkable document:

ORDER FOR NIGHT-GOWNS FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

The following transcript of an original document has been sent to us by a gentleman of such eminent and unquestionable knowledge and accuracy that we do not scruple to print it. It places the virgin Queen and the Earl of Leicester in a very odd juxtaposition. Some people may perhaps feel inclined to draw large conclusions from it. For ourselves, we do not think it warrants anything of the kind. If such conclusions had been thought justly to result from it by those by whom it was prepared—and they must have known much more of the matter than we can do—we may rest assured that this document never would have been penned. With this protest on our own behalf, we print it without hesitation, as ever friendly to the utmost latitude of inquiry. We shall have an opportunity shortly of treating the whole question of the degree of intimacy between Elizabeth and the powerful Earl.

WRIT OF PRIVY SEAL.

[From the Collection of the late Sir William Musgrave, Bart.]

By the Queen.

ELIZABETH.

"We will and commaunde you that upon the sight hereof ye delyver or cause to be delyvered unto our servaunt Walter Fyshe twelve yards of purple vellat, frized on the back syde with white and russet sylke, to make us a night gowne; and also that ye delyver to Charles Smyth, page of our robes, fourtene yards of murrey damaske, to be employed in making of a night gowne for the ERLE OF LEICESTER. And two hole peeces of crymeson silke chamlet, stryped with golde, the one conteyning xxx. yerds quarter din. to make Fraunces Haward and Elizabeth Knolls of our Privie Chamber, eyther of them, a trayne gowne, whiche parcells remayne in your custody and charge. And these our letters signed with our hand shalbe your sufficient warraunt and discharge for the delivry thereof. Yev en under our signet at our Pallace of Westminster, the xxviiith daye of Marche, in the xiiijth yere of our rayne.

To our trusty and welbeloved servant George Bredgman, Keeper of our said Pallace of Westminster."

The North British Review for February, exhibits the vigor and nerve for which this quarterly has been remarkable from its very commencement. Every subject is treated under a novel aspect, and original views are taken of political and social questions, which cannot fail to recommend it to the thoughtful, as much as its spirit and eloquence make it a favourite with the general reader. This number opens with a paper on "British and Continental Ethics and Christianity," a singularly able review of the present state of Philosophy and Philosophical Theology in all parts of the world. "Rome and the Italian Revolution," is the next theme, handled with a largeness of view that puts to shame the comments of *The Quarterly* on the same topic. "Dodderidge," his life and works, are treated of in the next essay: the biographical sketch is very interesting. But the gem of the number, and that which will be read and talked about for the boldness of its thoughts, is the paper on "Literature and the Labour Question." It will startle many quietists to find such views put forth by such an organ of literature as *The North British Review*. "Neander" is next reviewed. "Gold Mines," is a scientific paper that will be read with special interest just now; "The Remains of Arthur H. Hallam," introduces us to the writings of one too early lost, whose genius promised to rival that of his distinguished parent. The specimens of his compositions here given will cause his premature death to be deplored by others than his friend TENNYSON, who has made his memory immortal by that noble tribute of a poet "In Memoriam." "The Social Position of Woman," is another paper in the peculiar style of this review, which treats a great social topic with originality, and yet with strong good sense. The number closes with a review of "Sir C. Lyell's Travels in America."

The Eclectic Review, for February, treats of many popular topics in the vigorous and independent strain for which this literary organ of the Protestant Dissenters has been always famous. "The Power of Romanism," is the paper which will just now be read with most interest: it is a vigorous protest against the Priestcraft of Rome, as being its most concentrated, and therefore, most dangerous form. "The Royal Academy," is somewhat roughly handled, but not more so than it deserves. It has not marched onward with the age. In an article on "Sunday Legislation, and the Memoirs of Sir Andrew Agnew," we are pleased to see that, on behalf of the Dissenters of the Three Denominations, *The Eclectic Review* puts in its solemn protest against Sunday legislation. It seems to be a matter wholly for the individual and not for the State. "Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales," is a

delightful paper, full of a genial sympathy with the minds of the young. "The Italian Revolution," is the subject of an essay of great ability, on a theme which has divided opinion, and which, as it would seem, we are only just beginning to understand. This is the best number of *The Eclectic* that has yet passed under our inspection.

Dublin University Magazine. Dublin: McGlashan. The February number of this excellent magazine contains matter to suit every taste. The politician will find in the article on the "Tenant League," an argumentative disquisition on a subject of great importance, but one into which we do not here propose to enter. The exquisite poetry of Mr. MACARTHY will afford a rich treat to the admirers of the combination of genuine feeling and polished diction. SLINGSBY'S "Twelfth Day" is excellent; the "Portrait Gallery" presents to our notice "Sam Lover," and the accompanying memoir will be read with much interest. The number is, altogether, one which reflects much credit on the conductors of the magazine.—From our Dublin Correspondent.

The Fireside Magazine. Dublin: Duffy. The February number of this periodical is well calculated to sustain its growing popularity. "The Adventures of an Irish Giant," by the late GERALD GRIFFIN, are continued. In "Spanish Tintings," some of the most prominent features in Peninsular life are well delineated. The criticism on MACAULAY is ably written. There are some pleasing fictions, and there is some good poetry in the number. The lines on "Paper Taxation" are excellent.—From our Dublin Correspondent.

King's College Magazine, for February, contains some contributions very creditable to the student authors, as "The Philosophy of History," the writer of which begins to have glimpses of the truth; and "the Character of Ignatius Loyola," portrayed with much skill. The articles have this recommendation, that they are very short.

The Peoples' Journal, for February, besides four engravings of great merit, contains the usual variety of contributions in tale, poetry and essay, with some gleanings from new and old books, and, what is more interesting than all, a monthly record of industrial progress.

1851, or, the *Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys and Family*. By HENRY MAYHEW and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Part I. The trials and troubles and temptations that may be supposed to beset a visitor to the Great Exhibition are to be the subject of a novel by a well-known comic writer, illustrated by a still better known comic artist, to appear in monthly parts after the DICKENS fashion. The first part has the attraction of two wonderfully clever sketches by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the one, the ball of the world, in which are depicted "all Nations going to see the Exhibition." Many hundred figures are contained in this curious drawing, each one having his or her distinct characteristic. The other introduces to us Mr. and Mrs. SANDBOYS and family looking for lodgings, and who are told that a hammock was all that could be spared, "the last tent on the tiles being let to a Foreign Nobleman." This part merely gives us an account of how the SANDBOYS made up their minds to go to London. What befel them there is to be told hereafter.

The 5th part of ALBERT SMITH'S *Christopher Tadpole*, contains two illustrations by LERCH. It is only a reproduction of a work that was published some years since.

Baily's United Service and East India Record for January, contains a complete army and navy list, in addition to those of the East India Company, corrected to the present time. Its peculiar recommendation is its cheapness.

Knight's Cyclopaedia of the Industry of all Nations, Part III., advances from the word "Barium," to "Calamus." It is a selection of the scientific articles from the *National Cyclopaedia*.

Knight's Pictorial Half-Hours, Part IX., is one of the most truly popular of the many useful enterprises of Mr. KNIGHT. It consists of a selection from the best of his vast stores of woodcuts, with prose descriptions and illustrations, each part containing nearly fifty engravings!

Half-Hours with the best Authors, Part XI., is a reprint, in a cheaper form, of a work which was very popular in its original and dancier shape. It gives a well chosen extract from one of the best authors for every day in the year—just half-an-hour's profitable reading.

Knight's Excursion Companion, Part I., is a new enterprise, and an excellent project. The Excursion Railway Trains have introduced a new feature into modern life; but excursionists require to know something of the places they visit. This periodical is intended cheaply to supply such information. The first part describes Brighton, Lewes, Canterbury, Dover, the Isle of Thanet, Sandwich and Deal, and the neighbouring towns. The distances of the walks about each are stated, and woodcuts present some of the most remarkable objects that are to be seen.

Knight's Cyclopædia of London, Part III., an abbreviation of his great work on "London," is appropriate to the Exhibition, when so many visitors will require to know all about the localities. But even the inhabitants may learn a great deal from the perusal of this publication, which is extremely amusing and instructive too. The part before us is entirely occupied with Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's.

Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, Part VIII., contains the "First Part of King Henry IV." It is very handsomely printed, with all Mr. KNIGHT's valuable notes, and many woodcuts.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge, Part XLVIII. (first half.) KNIGHT.—We have frequently spoken of the excellence and amplitude of this work. A correct notion of its cheapness will be imparted by stating that this sixpenny, or half part, contains one hundred and thirty closely-printed pages!

Familiar Things; a Cyclopædia of Entertaining Knowledge, No. II., contains intelligible descriptions of objects daily before our eyes, but of which few know the history, or origin, the process by which they are produced or how they perform their office. Thus, in this number, we are treated with the chemistry of a cup of tea, and the anatomy of a church clock.

Tallis's Illustrated London, Part IV., contains no less than twelve views of the Metropolis, engraved on steel, with a well-written prose description. It will be an invaluable contribution to the Great Exhibition.

The Land we Live In, Part XXXIX., is devoted to "South Wales and its Mineral Wealth," of which it gives an interesting description, illustrated by many woodcuts of great beauty, and a map.

Tallis's Dramatic Magazine, for February, contains portraits of CHARLES KEAN and MISS CUSHMAN, with biographies and copious notices of the progress of the Drama at home and abroad, and in the provinces as well as in London.

The British Gazetteer, Part XXII., advances as far as the letter M. It contains two large maps and a steel engraving, and the most copious accounts ever published of the various localities.

The Family Herald, Part XCIII., is as usual.

Shakespeare, edited by S. PHELPS, Esq., Part III.—We have already described the plan of this edition and its claims to popularity, independently of its extraordinary cheapness. This part contains "A Winter's Tale," with an engraving and copious notes, explanatory of real difficulties in the text. As we have already observed, it is much to be regretted that the notes were not placed at the foot of the page.

Elica Cook's Journal, for January.—The most important feature of this periodical is the republication in it of a complete collection of the poems of the editress. This cannot fail to be an attraction.

Leigh Hunt's Journal, Part II., is the most literary of the cheap periodicals. His chapters on "the Town," are very interesting, and altogether it is pleasant and improving reading.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

WILLIAM HOWITT is preparing for the press a work on which he has been engaged these two years—"George Fox and his Friends"—a history, in fact, of the establishment of Quakerism.

The cancels and asterisks in Lord Holland's "Reminiscences" were occasioned by the interposition of Lord John Russell, the literary executor of Lord Holland. A correspondent in *The Times*, A. P., however, is of a different opinion.—*The Leader* asks if it is not enough to make publishers and readers, and historians and club gossips appreciate the old myth of Tantalus to tell them, as we now tell them, that Sir Robert Peel has left an autobiography, written in his own hand, pagged, and ready for press; yet, from "scruples of delicacy," many years must elapse before it can be published? I have enough to make one doubt the virtue of delicacy. It is enough to make one wish the living whom these scruples point at were removed to a better world! An autobiography of Peel, with the secret history of our own times, would be cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of a few "political characters." But there is no help for it: we must learn patience, hoping merely that we shall live to read the book.—

A writer in the *Prospective Review* gives the following anecdote, illustrative of the extreme good nature of the late Dr. Neander, the celebrated historian of the church: "He one day received a letter from the wilds of Western America, from a correspondent, who, to the characteristic assurance of the Yankee, joined the share of that quality usually possessed by the collector of autographs. He was a perfect stranger to our good professor, yet had written to make the three modest requests following: that Dr. Neander would send his autograph; that the said autograph should be in the form of a long letter giving a sketch of the then state of Theology and Religion in Germany; and that the Professor would also procure and send the autographs of Niebuhr and A. von Humboldt. Would Dr. Whewell, or any other Cambridge notability, believe that Neander not only immediately set about executing the commission, but refused to be

persuaded by an English friend that there was anything impudent or unreasonable in the request."—Mentioning critics, remarks *The Leader*, leads us to the prince of feuilletonistes, Jules Janin, who figures, incidentally, this week in a law court. It appears that the manager of the *Variétés* deprived J. J., of his right of admission, which furnished Janin with a humorous feuilleton deploring his unhappy condition at being thus deprived of so immense a favour. The *Siccle* was angry at this insult offered to the first of critics, the pride of the feuilleton, and proposed that all the critics should henceforth ignore *Variétés* altogether. This became alarming, and the manager wrote a letter to the *Siccle*, saying that he had deprived J. J. of his entrées, because he had refused to notice the theatre, unless an actress, whom he favoured, was reengaged there. The *Siccle*, knowing this to be false, refused insertion to the letter, and an action was brought to make it do so. But the judge gave a negative to the application, and condemned the manager to costs.—The correspondent of an English journal, alluding to the facts disclosed in the Court of Bankruptcy, relative to Mr. Hudson attempting to bribe the London *Weekly Chronicle*, says:—The history of this paper affords an excellent illustration of the rise and fall of newspaper property. Originally started by a well known literary speculator, without a farthing of capital in his pocket, it rose under his management to the enormous sale of 120,000 copies a week, when it passed into the hands of the paper maker, who sold it to Sir Henry Ward, the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, for 12,000*l*. Sir Henry's ponderous articles in support of Whiggery brought the circulation down to 3,000 a week; and, after being appointed to his present lucrative situation, he was constrained to part with it to Mr. Doyle, and his partner for 550*l*. It is singular that, about the very period, or just before it, that Sir Henry quitted London for the seat of his administration, the gentleman who originated *The Weekly Chronicle*, accompanied by a cargo of type, and a chosen band of compositors, sailed for California, where he has succeeded in establishing a general newspaper, and an illustrated paper.—The Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, are making a fresh effort to do something for the family of Burns. They propose to raise a fund of 300*l*.; which, with the 166*l*. remaining of the previous subscription for Mrs. Begg, may be applied, at her death, in purchasing a small annuity for the Misses Begg, thus completing a modest provision for them. Towards this fund we understand the Messrs. Chambers are to contribute the profits of the new edition of the "Life and Works of Burns," by Mr. R. Chambers, now in course of publication. The provision intended is on the most modest scale; and the success of such an effort would give peace to the remaining hours of the poet's aged sister. Her own words on hearing of the design were, that by it "the last load of earthly care would be taken off her mind."

Mr. James, the novelist, arriving in America on the fourth of July, when everybody was away busy enjoying themselves, while Dickens came to enliven the dull period of mid-winter, narrowly escaped a fair chance for lionization. In consequence he has been comparatively very little in the newspapers, and has made no speeches at public dinners got up for the occasion. He lives a very quiet life in the old country seat at Hell Gate occupied by the late millionaire Astor, within sight of the Hen and Chickens, Frying Pan, Hog's Back, and other localities sacred to Knickerbocker and Irving. We are not aware that any extra accommodation has been erected for Mr. James's *amanuenses*. The following souvenir of his recent course of lectures about the country appears in the *Hartford Times*, apropos to his appearance at the American Hall of that city:—"At a quarter before eight o'clock, Mr. James made his appearance, and was introduced to the audience by the President of the Arts-Union. He was greeted with a good deal of applause. Mr. J. is a well-built, good-looking man, rather below the medium height, with a fresh, English-looking countenance, a well-shaped, sloping forehead, which appears to be (in phrenological parlance) pretty 'evenly developed,' scattered, greyish whiskers, and a slight grizzly moustache. His prevailing temperament is what physiologists call the "sanguine," and conveys the impression of energy, decision, and force, combined with good nature, and a love of good living—very like the idea obtained of Martin Farquhar Tupper from his writings; and one is about as much of a "poet" as the other. His appearance indicates him to be about forty years of age. He wore a dress coat, a very short, square cut white vest, and sported a glittering ring on a finger of each hand. He made occasional use of an enormous blue silk handkerchief with a yellow border, with which, now and then, he blew his nose with much emphasis. We are thus particular in describing his appearance, because the greater portion of the public who feel any interest in him, are mainly desirous of knowing how the man looks and acts, who has dictated novels as fast as three *amanuenses* could write them.—M. Leopold Ranke, the German historian of the Popes, has discovered at the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, a manuscript portion of the memoirs of Cardinal Richelieu, which up to the present time has been regarded as entirely lost.—*The Dollar Newspaper*, of Philadelphia, is publishing a new "prize" tale by Mr. Myers, author of *The First of the Knickerbrockers*, entitled "Bell Brandon; or, the Great Kentrip Estates—a Tale of New York in 1810," for which a premium of two hundred dollars

was paid.—We hear of a new serial publication for the United States, on which the best authors and artists are to be employed. Mr. Darley will contribute illustrations. Washington Irving, Bryant, Cooper, and Longfellow, are among the contributors.—Mr. Putnam announces "Nicaragua; its Condition, Resources, and Prospects, illustrated with engravings, maps, and plans. By E. G. Squier, late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to Guatemala, and Plenipotentiary to Nicaragua. With an Appendix, embracing the recently published work of John Bailly, Esq., on Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, and Costa Rica." This work will comprise a complete and compendious account of the States of Central America, geographical, topographical, statistical; their mines, harbours, &c.; together with all the facts hitherto developed respecting the proposed inter-Oceanic Canal.

M. Michel Chevalier has been elected a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.—The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris has elected M. Michel Chevalier to fill the chair in its institution, left vacant by the death of M. Droz.—M. Dietrich, of Berlin, has succeeded M. Hoffmann as a corresponding member of the same body.—Thomas Graham, Esq., Professor of Chemistry at University College, Dr. Milner, Professor of Chemistry at King's College, and Dr. Hoffman, Professor of the Agricultural College of Chemistry, have been appointed commissioners to inquire into the qualities of the several waters now in use in the metropolis, and also the supplies proposed for the future.—We believe that it is now definitely arranged that a royal commission will be issued to inquire into the state of the University of Dublin.—In the year 1830, a sum of 40,000*l*. was raised in Hungary by voluntary contributions for the establishment of a Magyar Academy at Pesth; and it is asserted that in one instance at least an individual subscription to this fund amounted to 6,000*l*.

MEETINGS OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 27.—Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N. President, in the chair.

"Memoranda relating to Hong Kong." Mr. W. Scott elaborated his opinion, founded on a long experience, that the climate of that place was by no means so unhealthy as we are generally led to suppose.

"Survey of the Louisiana Archipelago and the South-East Coast of New Guinea," by the late Captain O. Stanley, R.N., with notes on the natural history of the same, by Mr. Mac Gillivray, the naturalist to the expedition. The most important feature of Guinea seen was a high range of mountains, extending from the Cul de Sac de l'Orangerie to Redscar Point, a distance of nearly 300 miles,—some of the peaks of which were more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and one was as much as 12,800 feet. The land both in North Guinea and in St. Louisade is fertile and thickly inhabited. The natives are treacherous. The inhabitants appear to be an intermediate race between the Malays and the South Sea Islanders. The islands seem to be of volcanic origin, and are surrounded by a regular barrier-reef,—which, however, towards the west ceased to be continuous, and permitted an easy passage to the open sea.

Admiral D. Price, Captain the Hon. W. F. Scarlett, W. Evelyn, Esq., Captain the Hon. A. Murray, R.N., and J. Dover, Esq., were elected Fellows.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 22.—Sir C. Lyell, President, in the chair. T. W. Ramell and R. Rawlinson, Esqs., were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—"Memorandum respecting *Choristopetum impar* and *Cyathophora(?) elegans*," by W. Lonsdale, Esq. "On supposed Casts of Foot-steps in the Wealden," by S. H. Beckles, Esq. "On the Superficial Accumulations of the Coasts of the English Channel, and the changes they indicate," by R. A. C. Austen, Esq.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 13.—G. B. Airy, Esq., President, in the chair. T. Barnaby, T. T. Wilkinson, and Sir W. K. Murray, were elected Fellows. Signor A. de Gasparis was elected an Associate.

An oral explanation was given by Professor Airy of his paper "On a Method of regulating the Clockwork for Equatorials."

Mr. Lassell communicated "Observations on Saturn accompanied by his eight Satellites, Nov. 21, 1850."

Communications were made from Mr. Graham relative to the elements of Metis, Mr. Maclear, Lieutenant Gillis, U.S.N., Mr. Warren de la Rue, Rev. A. Weld, and Mr. Woolgar. By Mr. Hind, "On a new variable Star; and on a change of colour in a fixed star, from 'very red' on the 3rd of September, 1848, to 'decidedly blue' and 'bluish white' at the present time." Also from the Rev. T. P. Dale, "On the Influence exerted by Heat upon the dispersive and refractive Power of Liquids;" and from the Rev. W. Read, "On an inconceivably great number of self-luminous bodies which, from half-past 9 a.m. on the 4th of September, for a period of six hours, continued to traverse the field of view from due east to west, which readily bore a magnifying power and retained their perfect round form, even when viewed near the sun." It has been suggested that these appearances may have been physiological, originating in the state of the optic nerves of the observer.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Jan. 18.—Professor H. H. Wilson in the chair. The Rev. Dr. Donaldson read a paper "On the Restoration of an Ancient Persian Inscription," analogous to those at Behistun, which had been misunderstood, and erroneously translated, by Herodotus.

A paper, by J. Romer, Esq., was read, the object of which was to show that the Persian of the present day is essentially the language which was spoken before the time of Alexander, and that the language of the inscriptions of Behistun, deciphered and translated by Major Rawlinson, was not the vernacular Persian tongue of which Themistocles is said to have acquired a practical knowledge.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 23.—Mr. P. Collier, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Smee, Mr. Boyd, and Mr. Cole, were admitted Fellows. Mr. R. Smith laid on the table a plaster cast from a mould which had been used in the fifteenth century for casting, in lead, small baptismal fonts, which appeared to have been presented to communicants. We did not learn from what part of the kingdom it came. Mr. Childers sent for exhibition a sword of about from the eighth to the tenth century, which had been found in a marsh in Cambridgeshire, where an early battle had been fought. No doubt other relics of a similar kind might be dug up near the same spot. Mr. Wylie placed before the society a large collection of Anglo-Saxon remains, consisting of brooches or *fibulae*, beads, crystals, bosses, swords, &c., which had been taken out of a burial-place recently explored near Fairford, Gloucestershire. The papers read consisted of a letter from Mr. J. A. Repton in continuation of a subject which he had treated some years ago—poor-boxes in churches, and their antiquity. It contained an assertion, which was denied by several members present, that poor-boxes are at this time of no use, as they never contain a shilling. Mr. J. Just sent a paper "On Runic Inscriptions." Several donations of valuable books to the library by Mr. B. Williams and Mr. W. Hawkins were acknowledged.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—January 6.—G. R. Waterhouse, Esq., President, in the chair. M. Preston was elected a Subscriber. Mr. Douglas exhibited a specimen of the rare neuropterous insect, *Drepanipteryx Phlaenoides*, taken by Mr. Allis at Bowness. Mr. S. Stevens exhibited some fine specimens of *Dynastes Jupiter*, from Columbia. Dr. Wallich read a translation of Schödtte's memoir, entitled, "Specimen Faunæ Subterraneæ," in which several new species of insects, arachnids, and crustacea, inhabiting caves, were described,—all the species being either perfectly blind or with the eyes only slightly developed. In 1845, Schödtte himself explored three caves near Adelsberg and some near Trieste: and in this memoir united the results of his own investigations to the discoveries of others.

Jan. 27.—Anniversary.—G. R. Waterhouse, Esq., President, in the chair. The president delivered an address on the present state and future prospects of the society, dwelling particularly on its improved financial position. It appears, from the auditors' report of the treasurer's accounts, that the only existing liabilities amount to 26l. 7s. 6d., to meet which the treasurer has cash in hand, 6l. 17s. 8d., and the arrears of subscription due amount to 36l. 15s.

A ballot took place for the election of officers, when Messrs. Wilkinson, Smith, Stevens, and Shepherd, were elected into the Council, in the room of Messrs. Spence, Stephens, Parry, and Desvignes; J. O. Westwood, Esq., was elected President; W. Yarrell, Esq., was re-elected Treasurer; and Messrs. Douglas and Stainton were re-elected Secretaries.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Jan. 28.—W. Cubitt, Esq., President, in the chair. The discussion on Mr. Digby Wyatt's paper, "On the Construction of the Building for the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations in 1851," was continued throughout the meeting.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Jan. 24.—Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P., in the chair. "On the Magnetic Characters and Relations of Oxygen and Nitrogen," by Professor Faraday.

Jan. 30.—Sir R. I. Murchison, Esq., V.P. in the chair. The chairman paid a few words of tribute to the memory of the late Marquis of Northampton. The following papers were read:—"On the Oxidation of Ammonia in the Human Body, with some Researches on Nitrification," by H. B. Jones, M.D. "Description of a Muscle of the Striped Variety, situated at the posterior part of the Choroid Coat of the Eye in Mammals; with an explanation of its Mode of Action," by G. Rainey, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Jan. 29.—Right Hon. M. T. Gibson, V.P., in the chair. The paper read was, "On the History and Construction of the Britannia Bridge," by Mr. Grove. Twenty-eight new members were elected.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Nov. 28.—W. Tooke, Esq., in the chair. The secretary read a paper "On Pharsalia," by Colonel Leake. Its object was to clear up some difficulties which Mr. Merivale had met with in the composition of his "History of the Romans under the Empire."

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Jan. 27.—C. Fowler, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Mr. W. R. Billings exhibited a series of drawings of the baronial and ecclesiastical architecture of Scotland, intended for publication in his work on that subject; and offered some remarks in elucidation of the peculiarities of the castles and churches of Scotland.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the monthly general meeting at the society's house, Mr. E. J. Rudge, F.R.S., in the chair, Messrs. E. W. Cox, Mansfield, Parkyns, and Wm. Hartree, were elected Fellows, and Mr. Remington and Mr. E. Robins were proposed as candidates for the fellowship. The report of the council stated that the number of visitors to the gardens during the month of January presented an increase of 5,533 over the corresponding month of 1850. The additions to the menagerie are of unusual interest, including a fine male specimen of the Malayan Tapir, and two pairs of Mandarin ducks (*Air galericulata*.)

GUARANTEE AND COLLECTION OF RENTS, TITHES, AND INTEREST.

The employment of House and Estate Agents, for the collection of rents, tithes, interest, &c., has been long practised by those who have not time or inclination to look after their own properties.

A plan was first proposed and established by *The Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, for extending the principle of assurance to rents and interests, by undertaking their collection, and guaranteeing to the owners the regular payment, on fixed days, so as to assure to them fixed and certain incomes, and with the further accommodation of making advances upon such rents before they are due.

To accomplish this very useful object, was the original design of the above Society; but, as usual, that design was stolen, without the slightest acknowledgment, by another Society which has been advertising its plans as if they were an original scheme. The public has very heartily approved a design the uses of which are so obvious. On application to *The Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, they grant a policy, by which they guarantee to the owners of houses, estates, tithes, mortgages, &c., the regular payment of the full amount of their rents and interest on the very day agreed, the Society undertaking the collection of such rents and interests and, if desired, also, the care and management of their properties, precisely as estate agents do.

In this manner it will secure a certain income to

The Owners of Houses.

The Owners of Estates.

The Owners of Tithe Rent-charges.

And also

To Trustees, the regular collection and payment of their trust funds.

To Mortgagees, the regular payment of their interest.

To Mortgagors, the due payment of their surplus rents, after payment of the interest.

It offers the advantages, of absolute security—of a fixed and certain income—of relief from all trouble and anxiety, and, in short, it makes house property and land quite equal, for all the convenience of regularity of payment and certainty of income, to an investment in the funds.

And the cost of securing all these benefits is very little more than the owners, &c. now actually pay to estate agents and collectors for mere collection!

And there is the responsibility of a wealthy company, instead of the security of an individual.

Among the many useful applications of the principle of assurance, this is certainly the most useful, and will be most generally and eagerly adopted, for it has long been wanted.

The Prospectus of this Society, among the advertisements, will give all necessary information.

MUSIC.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Fourth* was given at the Burg theatre of Vienna, on the 17th, with great success. *Coriolanus* was under rehearsal.—The German papers speak in high praise of Mlle. Johanna Wagner, who is engaged for the summer season at the Opera, at Berlin, and whose powerful and fresh voice and vocal cultivations are commended in the highest terms.—Jenny Lind has reached Havana, and, if we may believe

the last accounts, was already the heroine of the day. Sonnets and serenades were as plentiful as blackberries.

—*Lambert Sinner*, a new opera, the libretto of which is partly by M. Scribe, and the music by Mynheer von der Does, have been favourably received at the Hague.

—The following is a singular instance of the strictness of the Roman censorship. In an opera of Verdi's, recently acted, a lover on hearing his mistress singing behind the scenes, is made to exclaim, "Oh, che voce angelica!" But the censors, considering that a pretty girl ought not to be compared to an angel, have inserted "armonica" for "angelica," a modification which was received with hisses by the public, who knew what the original words were.—Mlle. Poinot has appeared at the Grand Opera of Paris (as Rachel), in *La Juive* (to the Eleazar of M. Mairalt), with fair success. She is tall, handsome, and possesses a dramatic *soprano* voice.—The Burg Theatre at Vienna lately proposed prizes for the two best comedies. The first prize of 200 ducats was given to the celebrated Bauernfeld for a play entitled *The Peremptory Order*. The second prize of 100 ducats is to be adjudged by the public in the following way:—The two comedies, *The Prize Play*, by Mautner, and *The Love Letter*, by Benedix, will be performed during six months, and the author whose piece attracts the fullest houses will have the reward.—An Oratorio entitled *Israel Restored*, has been composed by Dr. Bexfield; who is said to desire its production at the Norwich Festival.—*The Dramatic and Musical Review* mentions among the artists reported as engaged by Mr. Lumley for the coming season,—Mesdames Barbieri-Nini and Gazzaniga, Mlle. Duprez, M. Duprez, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Ferranti and Herr Anders. A Mlle. Alaimo, who is described as having made a great sensation in Italy, is announced; and we are further told, that the sister of a celebrated French *cantatrice* may appear towards the close of the season. It will be opened by Signor Gardoni; and Mesdames Sontag and Fiorentini are spoken of as on the point of concluding engagements with Mr. Lumley.

ART JOURNAL.

The Gallery of Illustrious Americans. Numbers III. IV., V., and VI. New York: Putnam.

THIS magnificent work is a worthy tribute from the Great Republic to the honour of her most distinguished citizens. The portraits are, for the most part, taken from daguerotypes, by Mr. BRADY, and then enlarged and engraved by Mr. D'AVIXON. They are accompanied with Biographical Sketches contributed by Mr. C. E. LESTER, and an Association of Literary Men. The parts before us, which are in continuation of those already noticed, contain, 1st, a Portrait of Mr. WEBSTER, a grave, intelligent, but rather heavy face, with a full broad and high brow, betokening great power. The man is remarkably shown in the countenance: LAVATER would have rejoiced in such an instance to vindicate his science. The next we open is that of Mr. CLAY—an extraordinary head, full of intellect, but very plain, and in expression unprepossessing. His thin lips and pale, hollow cheeks indicate a deficiency of the sentiments: he looks like a man who thinks much and feels little. Both of the former are peculiarly English in their aspect. Not so with No. 4, Colonel FREMONT. He is thoroughly American—the very type of the States. Among the tourists on the Continent you may meet a dozen such in a month—sharp, bustling, confident and pushing. Lastly, Mr. S. WRIGHT, again, has more of the English type—a full-faced, amiable looking man, with a broad forehead, showing a capacious brain, perhaps not easily moved, but, when roused into energetic action, irresistible in its might. There is a thoughtfulness in his eyes that indicates a man given to reflection.

These portraits are sufficiently large to be framed—being on imperial folio. They are admirably engraved, and the accompanying memoirs are carefully compiled, pleasantly written, and, what is still more important, authentic.

The Art Journal for February contains two more of the Vernon Gallery—BRIGGS'S *Spaniards and Peruvians* and WARD'S *De Tabley Park*, the latter being far more pleasing as an engraving than as a painting. HOLLINS'S Monument to Mrs. THOMPSON is the subject of a third engraving. But the woodcuts are more numerous, and, if possible, more beautiful than ever. The second article on the Works of the Great Masters presents us with copies of two of REMBRANDT'S finest productions, and three of KALF'S, with memoirs of the painters. Mr. WRIGHT'S paper on "the Domestic Manners of the English" is illustrated with a great number of curious woodcuts from the old Manuscripts. "The Costumes of Various Epochs" is another interesting illustrated essay in progress in *The Art Journal*. In addition to all of these, there are five large Examples of German Artists, in the "high art" style, which, we confess, is to

is more correct than pleasing. Of course every kind of intelligence relating to the progress of art and of artists is to be found in this periodical, which is one of the wonders of our time.

ART.

THERE has just been discovered in *St. Just*, the cathedral of Narbonne, an immense bas-relief of the latter part of the fourteenth century, which for forty years had been covered by more modern decorations. This precious monument of Christian Iconography represents Hell. The part already brought out is very much mutilated, but it is hoped that the rest is in a better condition. The archaeological commission of Narbonne is engaged in taking measures for preserving to the cause of science this *monceau*, so interesting in more than one respect.

Talk of the Studios.

MR. MACLISE, R.A. has received his diploma, or letter patent, as the document is styled, creating him a foreign member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Stockholm. —The bust by Mr. Behnes, which was finally adopted as the form of testimonial to the late Mr. Vernon, now occupies a place in the great entrance hall of the gallery in Marlborough House. —The sculptor Kalide at Berlin has just finished a statue of a Bacchante on a lion for the London exhibition. —In Milan the present exhibition of pictures comprises 428 paintings and sculptures, the work of 176 artists, among whom are many Germans. —A Cremona paper states that a very splendid picture by Raffiello has been discovered. It represents the Virgin adoring the infant Jesus; St. Joseph standing at a distance. —A newly-discovered mode of drawing by Mr. Walker has just met with the admiration and patronage of the Queen, who has purchased two of his larger drawings. —The Sardinians are about to erect in their capital a monument in honour of the late King Albert. A committee has been appointed to carry this purpose into effect, and no less a sum than 325,000 francs has been provisionally assigned for the execution of the work. —The committee for erecting a monument to the memory of the late Lord Jeffrey, have commissioned Mr. John Steel, R.S.A. to execute a full length marble statue of the late distinguished critic and judge, to be placed in the great hall of the Parliament House. —Geyer and Guterbecke have just returned to Berlin from a ten years' tour through Europe and the East. The first brings his portfolios full of sketches from France, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Syria, Egypt, &c., and the latter has a rich variety of *genre* pictures from the same regions. They have established themselves for the present in Berlin. —Mr. Gray, the sculptor, has modelled a cabinet bust of the late Sir Robert Peel, Bart., which he is about to publish by subscription. It is about fifteen inches in height, and is modelled from the Tamworth portrait, generally esteemed the best likeness of the deceased baronet. The likeness is well preserved, and as a work of art, the bust does great credit to Mr. Gray, who is evidently an artist of considerable talent.

Galigiani states that the municipal council of Falaïse have just revived a project long since started of erecting an equestrian statue to William the Conqueror, by means of subscriptions to be opened throughout all Normandy. This monument is to be composed of the colossal equestrian statue in bronze of the illustrious duke king, elevated on a rich pedestal of Roman architecture, ornamented with figures representing the six dukes of the ancient province. —A letter from Rome states that a picture dealer of that city, named Campani, has lately become the possessor of a picture of Michael Angelo. He bought an old picture at a sale in London, and having cleaned it, discovered that it was the portrait of Victoria Colonna, wife of the Marquis de Pescara, general of Charles V., a lady celebrated by the great painter in one of his poems, and whose likeness he declares he had taken. M. Campani, conceiving that this might be the picture alluded to, submitted it to the Pontifical Academy of the Fine Arts at Rome, which has unanimously declared it to have been painted by Michael Angelo. It has been exhibited to the public, and the connoisseurs value it at 166,000*fr.*

Much has been said of the Art expenses of ex-King Louis of Bavaria, and a great deal of fault has always been found with him for his lavish expenditure upon the capital and its adornments, while the country suffered. But the *Munich Gazette* states that during the twenty-three years of his reign he spent only about 11,000,000 gulden: that is, some 2,000,000 dollars, or 3,000,000 dollars in works of art. It was thus divided: buildings, 8,390,776 gulden; sculpture and painting, 1,465,391; glass colouring, 333,551; furniture, &c., 655,672, and et ceteras, 753,150. The famous Wall-halla cost 2,162,942; the royal palace, &c., 2,157,428.

A small collection of antiquities and works of art, the property of the Rev. Dr. Neigan of Cork, passed a

few days ago under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, and realized good prices. The trustees of the British Museum, Lord Cadogan and Lord Lonsborough, contended for and secured many of the choice articles. Lot 83, an elegantly-shaped Roman Lamp, eleven inches long, with christian monogram between the letters *Alpha* and *Omega*, was bought for Lord Lonsborough for 16*l.* 5*s.* Lot 111, a bust of Diana, of beautiful character, with the eyes of silver, was secured by the same nobleman for 9*l.* 15*s.* Lot 134, a missal on vellum, with fifteen miniatures of Flemish work of the 15th century, sold for 19*l.* 10*s.* Lot 39, an ancient Silver Cross (found in the Abbey of Kilmallock, county of Limerick), brought 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

THE greatest actor of our day has bidden farewell to the stage, of which for many years he has been the ornament and support; and tears, really felt and freely shed, have been called forth by him for the last time, at the death of the old king and his child. Mr. MACREADY's theatrical life has closed with his *Lear*, in my mind, the greatest of his SHAKESPEARIAN characters, and only second to his *Virginus*, of all the many parts I have seen him perform. I will say nothing of his merit as an actor,—that has been seen and deeply appreciated by thousands during his last engagement at the Haymarket, and for many years at the Metropolitan Theatres, from the little Marylebone to Drury Lane. There can be but one opinion on the subject. We have lost the greatest actor of the day, and not only the greatest actor but the best manager; a little despotic, doubtless, and stigmatised by many as a tyrant—and why?—because he made his company act at rehearsal. It was not enough for him that the first night of a new piece should be a mere dress rehearsal—"I will do it so, sir, when we are before the audience," would never go down with Mr. MACREADY: "Do it now, sir"—and it was done. *The Tempest*, *Acis and Galatea*, *Macbeth*, and many other plays produced during his management of Drury Lane, bear witness of the magnitude and taste of his ideas, too grand indeed for success: they failed, and Drury Lane was left to dogs and horses, till rescued, though at his cost, by Mr. ANDERSON. Mr. MACREADY will take his benefit on the 26th of February in *Macbeth*, and in that character address his farewell—for ever—to the theatrical world.

I must now turn to the general theatrical news of the last fortnight. Most of your readers will remember the time when a transparent wheel, revolving centre, two smaller wheels right and left, a few dingy Fairies, a dense cloud of red fire obscuring everything, formed the conventional denouement of a Pantomime or Burlesque. Things are wonderfully changed for the better now. Madame VESTRIS had shown the public what *could* be done by way of stage effect, even in the old Olympic; and still, on the larger and more practicable stage of the LYCEUM, carries the palm for the elegance and splendour of her scenery and effects. Taking into consideration, then, the vast expense attending the production of Burlesque and Pantomime, we must not wonder that our friends the managers, having put them on the stage, seem inclined to keep them there, as long as they will draw; and if we may judge by the crowded audiences that welcome them, they will (with one or two exceptions) retain their places on the bills for some time to come. Magnificent scenery, however, is not the only thing necessary for the success of a holiday piece. The utter failure of the *Romance of the Rose* at the Lyceum last autumn, was a useful lesson to the management of our theatres that the public ear must be charmed as well as the public eye dazzled.

The management of DRURY LANE have, I think, very wisely dropped their Pantomime: it was never successful. A short musical piece, called *The Cad's Daughter*, was produced with great success. The music is light and lively and sung by Miss NELSON with taste and spirit. *The Elder Brother*, adapted to the present taste from the text of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, will never, I think, become a favourite. But their new play, *The Old Love and the New*, will, I hope, make up for all failures. It is not a play to be judged by seeing once or even twice; it has no brilliancy of plot, no great effects or incidents, but the closeness and elegance of the writing, the easy flowing dialogue, and the careful manner in which it has been produced, entitle *The Old Love and the New* to the praise and support of all playgoers.

Two new pieces were produced at the HAYMARKET last week. The one a farce by BUCKSTONE, entitled *Good for Nothing*, the other a Drama in two acts, by STERLING COYNE, called *Presented at Court*. The *Good for Nothing* made its first appearance on Tuesday the 4th: it was eminently successful. The plot is a mere nothing, and I shall not attempt to describe it. The acting of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, in the character of the *Good for Nothing Nan*, is splendid: a more perfect picture of good-hearted neglected wildness cannot be imagined; her

description of the existing game of "hop scotch," in which she was interrupted in the moment of victory, is exquisitely natural. Her two guardians, rough hides, but kind hearts, are admirably performed by BUCKSTONE and HOWE. A young carpenter, who first instils notions of self-pride and shows the *Good for Nothing* that she may make herself good for something, and—comb her hair—is the *Deus ex machina* of the piece, and well played by Mr. PARSELLE. There is an honest roughness pervading every character, and the dresses are admirably suited to the class they are intended to describe. How seldom do we see a good working-man's dress on the stage; how seldom in plays purporting to depict the manners and customs of the present day do we see actors and actresses dressed like ordinary human beings.

Presented at Court, a Drama in two acts, was produced on Thursday the 6th, and met with deserved success. The plot is taken from an incident in a recent French novel, of which the celebrated Madame DE BARRY is the heroine; the court of LOUIS XV. the scene. Our author has, however, transferred it to the court of CHARLES the Second of England. A rich and beautiful city heiress has monopolised the attentions of all the wits and gallants of that "merry" reign, and is anxious to be presented at court. The court beauties, headed by *Lady Castlemaine*, enter into a "pretty" conspiracy to prevent the Mercer's Daughter from showing her face at Whitehall. They call the *Earl of Rochester* to their assistance, and by his machinations the fair citizen is deprived of court dress, French hairdresser, carriage, and last and most important of all, her *Chaperone*. It is impossible for her to appear at court without each and every of these important articles. The plot is met by stratagem, and counterplot. Mr. BUCKSTONE as *Chaperone* in his aunt *Lady Trumpington's* court costume, carriage, French *perruquier*, and her own proper court dress, are regained in time for the drawing-room. *Mistress Anne Franklin*, the city heiress, is played by Miss REYNOLDS in her accustomed ladylike and graceful style. The character of the *Earl of Rochester*, so often degenerated into a swaggering bully, falls into good hands. Mr. DAVENPORT has taken pains to delineate one of the greatest wits and scholars of his day, and to render *Rochester* a polished gentleman, as well as a libertine. The minor parts are all well cast, we have dear old gossip *Pepys*, proud of his new perruwig, *Tom Killegrew*, *Etheredge*, *Sidney*, &c. &c. But I must protest against Mr. SELBY's *Marquis*; it cannot be necessary to make every French *petit maître* an idiot; we laugh at the Englishman on the French stage, and we do not consider that they have quite as much reason to laugh at us, when they see a French Marquis of the reign of *Le Grand Monarque*, played by Mr. SELBY. The first scene of the play, representing the "Mall" crowded with beauty and fashion, is a very gay sight.

On Monday, *Black-eyed Susan* was revived, with Mr. DAVENPORT and Miss A. VINING, in the principal parts. Every one knows *Black-eyed Susan*, one of the best of our Nautical Dramas. The British Tar, with his clap-trap and his hornpipe, was never known to fail. The *William of Mr. DAVENPORT* is a manly and intelligent performance.

The Handsome Husband and *King Charming* have been played nearly every night at the Lyceum. I do not think the last scene of the burlesque as elegant as the denouement of *The Island of Jewels*, but it is far more gorgeous. The cost of producing *King Charming* is said to have been 1200*l.*

Nothing new has appeared at the PRINCESS'S. *As You Like It*, *The Templar*, and *Henry the Fourth*, are the stock pieces. The Pantomime (thanks to Mr. FLEMING) remains as attractive as ever.

A new Drama in five acts by DION BOURCICAULT, is in active preparation at the OLYMPIC. I will give you all particulars of it in my next.

Mr. JAMES WALLACE, I am happy to say, has so far recovered from his severe illness as to be about to appear at the Haymarket shortly.

The STRAND Theatre has been taken, and will open in April.

I must now close my Theatrical Notices for this week. LONGFETTER.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A programme of the arrangements for the ensuing season has just appeared. The following are its most remarkable features:—The theatre is to open early in March with an Italian version of AUBER's opera of *Gustavus*, in which Madame FIORENTINI (who made so favourable an impression at the end of last season), Mdle. FELLER, and Signor CAZZOLARI will appear. Mdle. CAROLINE DUPREZ will appear the first week in April, and Madame SONTAG immediately after Easter. The company will include our old favourites, PARODI, GIULIANI, IDA BERTRAND, GARDONI, SIMS REEVES, COLETTI, LABACHE, and likewise ALBONI, with whom an engagement has been made for a limited number of nights.

Besides Mlle. DUPREZ, several other performers of continental fame, hitherto unknown in England are announced; particularly Madame BARBIERI NINI, Mlle. ALAYMO, Signor SCOTTI, Signor FERRANTI, Signor SCAPINI, and Signor CASANOVA. Among the new works to be produced in the course of the season are—a grand opera by THALBERG, the libretto by SCRIBE; an opera by AUBER, now composing expressly for Mlle. ALBONI; a new opera by MEYERBEER; and a posthumous work of DONIZETTI. *La Tempesta* will be re-produced early in the season, with CARLOTTA GRISI in the character of *Ariel*. The ballet promises well. Among its stars are CARLOTTA GRISI, AMALIA FERRARIS, MARIE TAGLIONI, CAROLINA ROSATI, PETIT STEPHAN, PAUL TAGLIONI, GOSSELIN, and CHARLES; with a French, Spanish, Hungarian, Italian, and English corps de ballet. The libretto of a "new grand poetical ballet" to be produced early in the season, has been supplied by M. DE ST. GEORGES; it is to include the whole available talent of the ballet department, and to give every effect to its production, an engagement has been effected with Mlle. MONTI, the greatest dramatic mime of Italy. Mr. BALFE, as heretofore, will be director of the music and conductor of the orchestra. The chorus, under the direction of HERTZ GANZ, will be strengthened by reinforcements from Germany. It is stated that the subscription will consist of the same number of nights as last season: that the theatre has been thoroughly renovated; and that artists are now employed on the decorations.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The lectures by Dr. BACHOFFNER, and Mr. PEPPER on Electricity and Chemistry, continue to draw crowded audiences daily. The dissolving views, now exhibiting, appear to give great satisfaction to the visitors. They consist of many of the palaces of the European sovereigns, and are highly creditable to the talents of the artist. Mr. ROBERTS is still engaged in delivering Lectures on the Music of Wales, and assisted by vocal illustrations by Miss B. YOUNG, R. A. of Music. The ballads trace the national music of Wales from the time of the Barbs to the present time. Among the latest scientific deposits here, is a curious clock, the construction of which is explained in the great hall of the establishment. It has the appearance of magic, and like all magical delusions is easily comprehended, and was introduced by Sir GEORGE CAYLEY, Bart., the President of the Institution. In appearance, it is simply one sheet of glass and a hand, yet this instrument chronicles time accurately.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

DEATHS.

AUDUBON.—On the 27th of January, at his residence on the banks of the Hudson river, in 155th-street, John James Audubon, the deservedly renowned naturalist. He had arrived at the age of 76, and has gone down to the grave leaving a name distinguished among the scientific men of every nation, a name earned by a steady perseverance in the beautiful field of ornithology, the cultivation of which demands fancy, taste, judgment, and a general love of nature.

COQUERELL.—Recently, at Paris, M. Charles Coquerell, well known and esteemed in the scientific circles of that metropolis. M. Coquerell long reported the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences for the *Courrier Francais*; and is the author, besides, of various works in general literature. He wrote a "History of English Literature," "Caritas, an Essay on a complete Spiritualist Philosophy," and "The History of the Churches of the Desert, or of the Protestant Churches of France from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Reign of Louis the Sixteenth."

DORVO.—Lately, at Paris, M. Dorvo, stated to be the father of the dramatic writers of France. The existence of the man had long outlived his renown as a writer.

HAYNES.—On the 24th of January, James Haynes, Esq. He was the author of "Mary Stuart," and several other tragedies and poems of great merit, among others, of "Conscience," and "Ruthven," and had been for many years a member of the London press; aged 64.

LEMON.—On the 30th of January, at Hillington, Annie, the youngest child of Mr. Mark Lemon.

SHELLEY.—On the 1st of February, at her residence, 24, Chester-square, Mary Woolstoncraft, widow of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley; aged 53.

SMITH.—Last week, at Guildford, where he had resided since his removal from Homerton, Dr. Pye Smith. He has lived to receive, but not to enjoy, the testimonial presented to him by his friends, brethren, and pupils. The main purpose of that demonstration has, however, been fulfilled, since it was intended less as a means of rendering the last days of the eminent recipient comfortable, than of erecting an appropriate monument to his memory after he should be removed from among us, by the foundation of Divinity Scholarships bearing his revered name. We do not learn that our lamented friend was the subject of disease in any active form, but are led to infer, that the powers of nature yielded to a gradual decay. The present is not the moment for attempting a eulogy of his character, or an estimate of his distinguished attainments and labours; and we will, therefore, not affect to determine whether, in his literary productions, in the ministers whom he trained for their sacred functions, or in the spotless reputation which, through a long public life, he preserved, he has left the richer legacy to his family, the Church, and the world.

SPONTINI.—On the 24th of January, at Majolati, near Ancona, where he had gone to pass the winter, in the hope of re-establishing his health, Spontini, the celebrated composer, author of "La Vestale," and "Fernand Cortez." Being desirous of attending divine service, in spite of his seariness of the season, he took cold on leaving the church, which in

a short time led to a fatal result. He expired in the arms of his wife, the sister of M. Erard, the celebrated pianist. He was in the seventy-second year of his age.

PUBLISHERS CIRCULAR.

List of New Books, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART, Published between Jan. 14, and Feb. 14, 1851.

(N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.)

AGRICULTURE.

The Book of the Farm. By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. 2 vols royal 8vo., 3s. half bound. Second edition.

ART.

Outline Sketches of Old Buildings in Bruges. Small folio, 10s. 6d. boards.

Principles of Colour applied to Decorative Art. By G. B. Moore, teacher of Drawing in University College. Fcap. 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Hook's Biography. Vol. VII. 12mo., cloth, 6s.

BOTANY.

The Mahogany Tree: its Botanical Characters, &c. 8vo. 5s., with plates and a map.

CLASSICS.

Ajax of Sophocles, with English Notes. Edited by Arnold. 12mo., cloth, 3s.

Selections from the Tristis and Tristia of Ovid. By Professor Billans. 24mo. 1s. cloth.

EDUCATION.

Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) First Greek Book. 12mo. cloth, 3s. Second edition.

Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Cornelius Nepos. Part I. 12mo. cloth 4s. Third edition.

Hemming's First Book of Plane Trigonometry. 12mo., 4s. 6d.

Boardman's Arithmetic. 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

FICTION.

Sir Philip Hetherington. An Original Novel. By the late Lady L—. (Parlour Library.)

Warkworth Castle. 3 vols.

Masters and Workmen. By Lord B—. 3 vols.

Bookwood: a Romance. By William Harrison Ainsworth. Fcap. 8vo., boards, 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Australasia and Prison Discipline. By Henry Melville. 9s.

The Journal of Design and Manufactures. Vol. IV. 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

Notes and Queries. Vol. II. Fcap. 4to., 9s. 6d. cloth.

The Geometric Beauties of the Human Figures, defined, to which is prefixed a system of Aesthetic Proportion applicable to Architecture and the other Formative Arts. By D. R. Kay, F.R.S.E. Royal 4to. 1s. 10s.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Vernon Gallery. Part XVII. elephant 4to., 3s. Part XXIII. 5s.

POETRY.

The Book of British Poetry, Ancient and Modern, arranged in chronological order, with an Essay on British Poetry. By the Rev. G. Gillfillan, A.M. Frontispiece, square, 7s. 6d.

Lelio, a Vision of Reality; Herror; and Other Poems. By Patrick Scott. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

RELIGION.

Harcourt's (Rev. L. V.) Lectures on the Gospels. 3 vols. 8vo., cloth, 2l. 8s.

Morgan's (Rev. R. W.) Vindication of the Church of England. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Slade's (Rev. J.) Prayers for Sick. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d. Sixth edition.

Smith's (Rev. J. B.) The Church of the World. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s.

Wordsworth's (Rev. C.) Catechesis. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. 6d. Second edition.

York's (Hon. and Rev. G. M.) Lectures on the Churches of England and Rome. 42mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Popery: British and Foreign. By Walter Savage Landor. 8vo. sewed, 1s. 6d.

Devout Musings on the Psalms. Vol. I. 32mo. 2s. cloth.

The Vatican and Saint James's. By James Lord, Esq. 8vo. 6s. boards.

Popery or Protestantism. By Rev. W. Carus Wilson. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

The Students' Theological Manual. By the Rev. G. H. Preston. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Primitive Obliquities. By the Rev. R. Boys. Fcap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Tourist in Wales. Sup. royal 8vo., 12s.

Works in the Press.

The following are some of the New Works announced for early publication.

The Eve of the Deluge. A Tale. By the Hon. and Rev. H. W. Villiers. Post 8vo.

Hints to Builders, Buyers, and Renters of Houses. By S. Erlano, Esq., architect.

The Wanderer and his Home: a continuation of Memoirs of My Youth. By Lamartine. (Parlour Library.)

A New Work by Mary Howitt. (Parlour Library.)

The New Edition of the London Catalogue of Books published in Great Britain from 1816 to 1851.

The Pastors in the Wilderness: a History of the Huguenots. By a Lutheran Divine. 2 vols.

Fernley Manor. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels. 3 vols.

Supernatural Illusions. Printed uniform with the Night Side of Nature, by Mrs. Crowe. 2 vols.

The Austrian Empire during its late Revolutionary Crisis. By William Peake, Esq. 2 vols.

The Age of Peter the Great. By Ivan Golovin. 1 vol.

Certainty Unattainable in the Romish Communion. By the Rev. M. H. Seymour.

Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome. Fourth edition.

Seymour's Mornings with the Jesuits. Fourth edition.

Fox's Memoir. 8vo. cloth. Third edition.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. Translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. A new edition in 1 vol.

Notes on North America, Agricultural, Economical, and Social. By Prof. James Johnston, F.R.S. L.

Letters to a Candid Inquirer on Animal Magnetism. By Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. 12mo.

The Book of Almanacs. By Professor De Morgan. Oblong. Lardner on Steam and Steam Navigation. New edit. 12mo.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEALTH WHERE 'TIS SOUGHT!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND STOMACH, WHEN IN A MOST HOPELESS STATE.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Airdrie, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to a state of perfect health, and at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, stated that they considered my case as hopeless. I ought to say that I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. I, as a last resource, got a box of your Pills, which soon gave relief, and, by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and every body who knows me.

(Signed)

MATTHEW HARVEY.

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Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Smith, of No. 5, Little Thomas-street, Gibson-street, Lambeth, dated Dec. 12, 1849.

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(Signed)

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